The

COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs

FOUNDED BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

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CONTENTS

WEEK BY WEEK		113
GENEVA (*Cartoon*)		115
BRAZIL: THE CHURCH AND THE NEW CONSTITUTION	*Thomas F. O'Connor*	116
EUROPE'S SMALLEST KINGDOM	*C. O. Cleveland*	118
SKETCH IN CHARCOAL	*Frances Taylor Patterson*	120
CYANOCITTA CRYSTATA (*Verse*)	*Anne Blackwell Payne*	122
A NIGHT IN JERSEY CITY	*Barrett McGurn*	123
FESTIVAL IN THE AZORES	*Patricia W. Vaurie*	125
ROME AT WORK	*Nathalie Troubetskoy*	127
CAEDMON (*Verse*)	*Robert P. Felker*	128
VIEWS AND REVIEWS	*Michael Williams*	129
COMMUNICATIONS		129
POINTS AND LINES		132
THE STAGE	*Grenville Vernon*	133
THE SCREEN	*Philip T. Hartung*	133
BOOKS OF THE DAY		134
THE INNER FORUM		138

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Week by Week

THE SUPREME COURT has just made difficult one attack on New Deal labor policy by attesting that the National Labor Relations Board was doing its job in the manner laid down by law. The NLRB has been under constant fire for exhibiting "partizanship." The issue is now set back where it belongs — to the Wagner Act. The Wagner Act is clearly a "partizan" measure. This fact by no means condemns it, especially as a pioneering law. It was written to meet a condition inescapably apparent: that employers, through their economic power and the social and political power that it secured them, were far more powerful in bargaining than individual workers. It was fundamentally a capital-labor law, giving labor needed weight in the scales, and as such its principle was sound and ought to be preserved from attacks, direct and oblique. The Act appears weak in applying in detail its sound principle to particular industrial disputes, and primarily as it deals with inter-labor affairs. It is well to offset the power of the employer, but it is hard to know where to place the added power given employees. The country must develop ways to handle the struggle for labor power while it is developing ways to handle the struggle for general economic power. The Wagner Act has been a logical beginning along both lines. One naturally hopes for a development that will transcend the offsetting of power and go on to coordinating and harmonizing it.

False Whiskers Removed

FOR THE first time in recent months British and American foreign policies seem to be traveling along divergent paths. Britain's insistence on the return of nationalized oil properties on the grounds of Mexico's inability to pay compensation, which led to the break-off of diplomatic relations, contrasts sharply with the conciliatory attitude of the United States. The refusal of our consuls to certify whether outgoing oil is derived from non-expropriated properties and the Roosevelt administration's expectations of compensation—at a much lower valuation —exemplify this divergence. All this facilitates the maintenance of a "good neighbor" position. If the expropriation question can be cleared up in the same spirit, our improved reputation will be strengthened throughout Latin America. The immediate cause for official anxiety about Mexico, apart from the threat to other Latin-American investments implicit in successful Mexican expropriation, is the talk of revolution there.

Change of Dictators in Mexico?

MEXICO depends heavily on foreign purchases of oil and silver; curtailed production, when added to the cost of an apparently over-ambitious agricultural and public works program, has led to increasing unrest. Religious repression seems to be on the decrease, although the government owns the churches and anti-religious laws remain. The Chicago *Daily News* presents an inspiring picture of the widespread heroism displayed in imparting religious instruction through both day and Sunday schools. Popular dissatisfaction with Cárdenas policies on education and religion is a salient factor in the Mexican unrest. But overt revolution depends primarily on the army and the generals. The Confederation of Mexican Workers spends evenings drilling, but such a militia would hardly be a match for the regular soldiery. Another revolution would find little favor in the United States and would bring with it vociferous demands for arms embargoes against the rebels, if not for outright intervention. Our support still makes possible the continuance of the Cárdenas dictatorship; we should ascertain all the facts and prepare to avoid any further entanglement.

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ONE COULD not help feeling, as one read the news accounts of the May 12 council meeting of the League of Nations, that the world was witnessing an event having all the elements of Greek tragedy, each actor drawn to his tragic end by an inherent weakness in the previous policy of his government as well as by the logic of events. Rarely does a political event so completely fulfil Aristotle's requirements for tragedy. There was Lord Halifax, evidently troubled in conscience and trying desperately to save the principle of self-determination, yet forced by what he conceives to be present political expediency into asking for an "exception" in the case of Ethiopia for the sake of maintaining world peace. "Nothing is gained and much may be lost by the refusal to face facts. . . ." The British Foreign Secretary's speech might have been written for him by a Greek dramatist, so perfectly did it fit into the part he was forced to play; it was even expressed in the very words and phases which we each of us instinctively recognize as those we ourselves use to excuse conduct against right principle. The statement of the King of Kings, however much it may have elicited sympathy for its appeal to principle, yet betrayed the essential weakness of the Ethiopian position. "There is the maintenance of peace through right and there is peace at any price." The weakness of Ethiopia was its own internal weakness, its anachronistic culture, its disregard of the necessity for internal justice and peace. Yet in his appeal to principle, the Negus was in the right. The final note came from M. Litvinoff, whose attitude on the matter could have been foretold with perhaps even greater accuracy than that of either Lord Halifax or Haile Selassie; once more he seized his opportunity to present to the world the spectacle of a benevolent, democratic Russia, deeply concerned with principle and the protection of the weak against the strong. One has a sickening feeling of discouragement. The whole concept of the League, which was so hopeful at the start, seems to have yielded before the forces of greed and nationalism and "realism." Yet the framework for a parliament of the nations remains in Geneva, and it is worth preserving as a reminder that such a conception still exists in the hearts of many and that it will always have validity.

Tragedy at Geneva

THE ACUTE relief crises in Cleveland and Chicago serve to emphasize once more the necessity of formulating a permanent policy on relief, based upon a clear conception of the problem and of what is the most truly desirable solution. Two principles which must often give rise to conflict seem to have informed all the acts of the President and his advisers, ever since the coming to power of the New Deal. The first principle is that no American can be allowed to starve; the second, that in giving help to those who need it, the government should attempt to prime the pump of private industry and, by converse, avoid doing anything which might be construed as competing with private enterprise. Everyone can agree with the first principle, and yet it has proved almost impossible to administer relief in this spirit without pauperizing its recipients, and without a great deal of that "pantry snooping" which aroused so much ire in the early years of the depression. The "pump priming" idea—proponents of work relief always allege varying amounts of pump-priming as a reason for the superiority of their program—immediately sets up administrative difficulties which bear little relation to the original human problem, unemployment. Effective pump-priming necessarily makes public works, originally conceived as vehicles for relieving unemployment, terribly expensive and therefore easily subject to demagogic attack. Since relief projects must avoid any activity which offers competition to private enterprise, inevitably many of the projects proposed and carried through will be open to easy and thoughtless ridicule. In the current *New Republic* Jonathan Mitchell calls attention to the "secrecy" with which the WPA authorities in Washington have surrounded the building of 780,000 sanitary privies in the south, an undertaking of incalculable value to public health, and yet very easily subject to "ridicule from the vulgar-minded." However much one may praise the fine administrative job performed both by WPA and PWA, one cannot help having reservations as to the principles under which they operate.

Permanent Relief

THE LONG and short of the matter would seem to be that for seven years we have been making elaborate and very costly efforts to have our cake and eat it too; we have been moved by humanitarian considerations to try to alleviate the suffering which arises from the workings of our economic system while at the same time we have done everything in our power to save that very system, even in detail. Now that the problem of unemployment and its relief are once more reaching an emergency stage—a very conservative estimate would place the number of unemployed at 10,000,000—it is imperative that principles should be reexamined, that the mistakes as well as the successes of the last seven years be honestly studied as a basis for present action. Work relief must be closely coordinated with governmental employment agencies; the problem of the permanently unemployable must be faced honestly; the heartless use of the unemployed as pressure groups by local politicians must be stopped through the creation of a permanent and appro-

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A CHAIR FOR THE EMPEROR

priately elastic system of relief budgeting; and since business has shown an almost complete lack of that stamina which might produce private re-employment, perhaps it will be necessary for government to embark on the admittedly dangerous course of setting up a separate economy among the unemployed, an economy based upon increasing production by setting the unemployed to frankly productive tasks. A producing and consuming cooperative organization of those for whom the profit system cannot provide employment might be the first real step toward the achievement of the "more abundant life."

THE INTEREST of the public in primaries is undoubtedly very different from that of politicians whose career is party politics. The traditional unconcern of national party officials is probably based for the most part on this difference. The national party organization is not supposed to fear that local voters will force unexpected issues of statesmanship on it, and is supposed to feel confident that whatever machine gains local dominance will certainly be glad to cooperate. The charge made this spring that the Democratic national leaders are interfering in the state politics of Florida, Kentucky, Wisconsin, Georgia, South Carolina, Oregon and Pennsylvania indicates that issues are rearing their disconcerting heads. It indicates this, and also that there are blocks of citizens reaching across states whose voting loyalty is not to a party but to some other organization of their own. The Democratic picture in Pennsylvania shows an inextricable confusion of these old and new tendencies, and Chairman Farley apparently believes that the new tendencies are dominant. Except for the uncertain Mayor Wilson of Philadelphia, all the major Democratic candidates have shown in the past strong indications that they would cooperate in party affairs and patronage with the guiding national powers. There was no reason to meddle in the state to secure proper party team work in Pennsylvania. But the national C.I.O. and leftish vote cannot be offended with impunity by the Democrats. If the union vote should start flowing in large numbers into the National Progressive party, with its new and uncertain appeal, or the American Labor party, definitely trade unionist, it would be absolutely all up with a New Deal Democratic party, and probably with the whole party in any guise. There is not much room for a straight, old-line Democratic party.

Primaries and Politics

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Apologia for Book Clubs

THE RECENT strictures on book clubs—first by an upper-brackets best-selling author, and more lately by the president of the American Booksellers' Association—seem to us, though natural perhaps, considerably less than fair. Book clubs, like many other things, are simply devices for getting a needed job done. They are not necessarily the last word in the Heart's Desire. They are not the most perfect method of insuring the survival of the literary fittest. They undoubtedly do promote patterns in general reading, instead of adventurous experimentation and the development of original taste. By canalizing public wishes and public buying power, they may work occasional (temporary) injustice to gifted writers. And so forth. But there are other facts in the field—this indictment does not even touch on the really solid services of book clubs as instruments of distribution and promoters of literacy. It is plain that a public and a publishing enterprise as vast as ours require many types of selection and contact-making; it is also plain that the promotion of original taste in reading among great masses of those who but recently have been non-readers is impossible, and that a somewhat regimented taste is better than no taste at all. If they were the sole means by which the public learns what is being published, there might be cause for complaint; though as the number of such clubs increases, they may be thought to glean the field pretty closely. But every reviewer, every reader, is free to supplement or correct them; everyone is free not to join them or buy their books. Nor can we believe that in the long run even the unappreciated genius is the worse for the heightened book-consciousness which book clubs produce. If the public are not buying and reading him this season, the chances are better than even that they will be next.

Friends and Associates

NEW YORK'S first ceremonial investiture of papal lay honors took place May 16. Two of the three recipients of the title of Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword are long-standing friends of THE COMMONWEAL. Al Smith, "the Happy Warrior," lent material and moral support to the Calvert Associates and THE COMMONWEAL for many years. John S. Burke has been a steady supporter of the magazine, and on more than one critical occasion in past years his generosity prevented suspension of publication. The third is John T. Smith, surviving member of a notably generous family of candy merchants and real estate owners. It is fitting that this investiture should have been held under the auspices of the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York, to which all three recipients have given so much of their time and means.

Brazil: The Church and the New Constitution

By THOMAS F. O'CONNOR

This article on the Vargas régime in Brazil was written before the Integralista revolt, suppressed May 11. The article dwells on one of the features of Brazilian history which separates the country from nations that are comparable in other respects. The picture of no country is clear without an examination of its relation to the Church, and in dealing with South America such an examination is particularly important.—The Editors.

THE NOVEMBER *coup d'état* of President Getulio Vargas, followed by rapid and momentous changes in the structure and operation of the Brazilian government, managed to attain the distinction of front-page copy in the American metropolitan dailies. The new Constitution which abolished national and local legislative bodies, and the presidential decree suppressing political parties and secret societies, called forth a sharp reaction north of the Rio Grande. The cry of fascism was raised alarmingly.

An examination of the new Constitution, together with the mode of administration pursued by President Vargas, lent strong credence to the suspicion that the new government was fundamentally fascist of the Italian rather than of the German stamp. President Vargas's government took great pains to assert repeatedly and emphatically that it was neither fascist nor Nazi, but corporate. Yet despite the validity of this distinction in the abstract, the reiterated declarations did little to allay the suspicions and fears of the American public. Less disquieting was the reflection that in Latin America dictatorships have been more or less generally accepted for generations. President Vargas's government is not of the traditional run of Latin American dictatorships, but it does contain similarities to this type as well as to the contemporary totalitarian governments. A much closer parallel might have been found in the mother land of Portugal, where since 1933 a type of corporate state has been established.

Highly significant in the new Constitution are the provisions respecting religion. Taken at its face value, the 1937 document is decidedly more favorable to Catholic interests than its predecessors, the Constitutions of 1891 and of 1934. Throughout most of the nineteenth as well as of the twentieth century to date, the history of the Church in Brazil has been one of vexation and trial. To laxity and scandal within the household of the Faith, were added the interference and restrictions of a generally hostile government. The new about-face is, in the light of this fact, fraught with enhanced interest for all concerned

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with the troubled relations between Church and State in so many parts of the world.

The history of modern Brazil opens in the years when the armies of Bonaparte were overrunning Europe. When the forces of the Corsican invaded Portugal in 1808, the Prince Regent, John, took refuge in the Portuguese colony of Brazil. Here he continued to reside, even after the expulsion of the French from Portugal, and from here he ruled all the Portuguese dominions as John VI.

This condition of affairs continued until 1821, when John VI returned to Portugal, and left his son, Pedro, to carry on his rule in Brazil. The following year Brazil became an independent nation, calling itself an empire, and with Pedro I as emperor. He reigned until 1831, when he abdicated, and was succeeded by his son, Pedro II.

The reign of Pedro II, lasting over half a century, was a period of significant economic and social development. But it was also a time of grave trial and imminent peril to the Brazilian Church. Ominous forces which had gained furtive footholds in the last decades of the old régime, now emerged unashamed to shackle the vitality of Catholic life in high places. Freemasonry, of the Grand Orient variety, and a laxity in personal morality settled upon the clergy of the land.

Specious professions of humanitarian altruism very probably allured the greater number of the clerical members into the lodges. Itself a product of eighteenth-century Liberalism, Freemasonry had allied itself with the political and social ideals of the "Enlightenment." Political and social reform advocated by the Masonic lodges seemed desirable to large numbers of the Brazilian clergy.

Whatever may be the validity of this explanation, by 1850 by far the larger part of the clergy had joined Masonic lodges. And whatever may have been the inducements held out to the clergy to become Masons, it become obvious after the middle of the century, if it had not before, that Masonry had adopted a policy that was antagonistic to the Church, and especially to the Papacy.

To the credit of large numbers of the clergy it must be admitted that when this anti-Catholic aspect of Masonry became obvious many severed their connection with the lodges. Many others, however, continued to retain their membership. This anomalous situation persisted without serious challenge until 1870, when individual bishops began to direct their priests to give up their Masonic connections.

The half decade from 1870 to 1875 were years of trial for the Brazilian Church. The Masonic forces marshalled all their strength against the reform movement within the Church which had been inaugurated in 1870. Pressure at home and misrepresentation of the situation to the Holy See retarded the effects of the reforming bishops to effect the changes so ardently desired. It was not until 1875, when the Masonic group in the government was forced out under the weight of public disapproval, that the Church became in any tangible measure free to carry out reform.

In 1889 the empire was overthrown and a republic established in Brazil, and in 1891 a republican Constitution was promulgated. The union of Church and State was abolished. The shackles which had hitherto bound the Church to the civil power were thereby severed, and the ecclesiastical authorities were left with a much freer hand to accomplish the long-needed reforms.

But the Constitution of 1891 cannot be said to have been in all respects favorable to Catholic interests. The new Constitution was a typically nineteenth-century "Liberal" document of the prevailing secularist complexion. Many of the rights, as well as of the privileges of the Church were arrogated to the State. Education, marriage and charity were brought under the domination of the civil power. Subsequent acts of this government tended only to reveal more fully its secularist and anti-religious nature.

In 1934 a new Constitution was put into effect. This document removed many of the unsatisfactory provisions of the act of 1891. The disabilities under which the Church had been functioning, and which had seriously limited the effectiveness of its ministry, were in large part removed.

The Constitution of 1937 reaffirms these provisions and lays down certain fundamental principles not ordinarily encountered in contemporary absolutist states. Most significant of these provisions are those dealing with the family and with education.

The family is recognized as deriving its existence from an unbreakable union entered into by the contracting parties. No provision is made, in consequence, for divorce, which had been legalized under the government set up by the first republican Constitution.

Regarding education the Constitution of 1937 affirms that the primary authority in the education of the child resides in the parents rather than in the State. The public schools, moreover, are to offer instruction in Christian doctrine.

To a world aghast at the multiplication of absolutist governments—whether of fascist or communist variety—any deflection of the democratic ideal arouses suspicion and fear. That the American public was ready to see the worst in the Brazilian political turn-over of late 1937 is natural enough. Whether totalitarianism is at the helm in Brazil, or whether we have been witness to the birth of a new type of Latin American state, the next few months should determine. Whatever the correct answer may be, the genuinely liberal attitude of the new government toward the Catholic Church is a refreshing contrast to the prevailing practise of so many contemporary governments.

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Europe's Smallest Kingdom

By C. O. CLEVELAND

THE WEDDING of the Moslem King of Albania, Zog I, and the Catholic Hungarian, Countess Geraldine Apponyi, did not attract the attention one might expect for an event which is not only of extraordinary human interest but of considerable political importance.

Albania—how remote is this smallest kingdom of Europe to the American mind! Even the Mediterranean cruises do not touch the shores of this state, which covers about 11,000 square miles and has a population of about 1,100,000 people. Only a handful of visitors from this continent have gone to see the beauties of the Albanian mountains and to enjoy the colorful primitive life of the native tribes, who still live under conditions in some respects similar to those in the days of Homer.

Turning southward from Cetinje, the former capital of the kingdom of Montenegro, now united with Jugoslavia, you follow the turns of the Rjeka, a river which flows between the barren rocks of the *Crna Gora,* the Black Mountains. Perhaps you may even elect to go in the little steamer between the dreamy water-lilies covering the Rjeka's lonely waters. Suddenly the panorama widens: the large expanse of the Lake of Scutari is before you and, behind it, the impressive silhouette of the Albanian Alps. At the southern end of the lake you cross the Jugoslav-Albanian border and reach Scutari, a small town of only 40,000 inhabitants, yet the most industrious and populated in this agrarian country.

Scutari is the center of Catholic life in Albania. Many of the unspoiled tribes of the savage mountains around Scutari are made up of ardent Roman Catholics, although their members are still much inclined to the old pagan custom of blood revenge, the vendetta, which clings on more tenaciously in the rough mountain valleys of Albania than in the oak forests of Corsica.

Wandering through these Alpine regions where these primitive tribes dwell, with their goats and sheep, you will find it best to make your headquarters with the priests, most of them educated in Italy or Austria and therefore probably able to serve as your interpreter. If your journey is to bring you to a tribe whose relations with the clan you are leaving are not good, let the priest find you out a man in his tribe who is connected by intermarriage with the tribe you are about to visit. Don't spare the few cents needed to engage him as a guide to the house of his kinsmen. Enter their dwelling with him, accept of the bread and salt, or the coffee and the preserved fruits they will offer to you. From this moment on, you are perfectly safe: you are now the "friend" of the tribe; everyone will offer you hospitality; the whole tribe will be ready to help you in any danger.

Of course these old customs are maintained in full force only in the high mountains and remote districts. In the fertile plains and in the ten or twelve little towns, occidental civilization is pushing forward, with its advantages, but still more with its vices. The "white collar" Albanian likes to be as "progressive" as possible and overdoes it. But when I visited the prisons of Scutari and Valona in 1927, I found that the most frequent crime was still the vendetta. Some prisoners tried to explain to me that they considered themselves guiltless in following the traditions of their tribes and that they would have been judged cowards in their villages if they had not been eager to take vengeance on the injury done to their families. The modern penal code is still incongruous with the natives' ideas of guilt and punishment.

Compulsory military service will certainly accelerate the extinction of old native traditions. And the King, who spent some years in Vienna, believes in the superiority of western civilization and likes to imitate the modernism of Kemal Ataturk. Since March, 1937, the wearing of veils by women has been strictly forbidden—a challenge to conservative Moslem sentiment.

If your car continues from Scutari some hours further south, you will reach Tirana, the capital of Albania, where you can best study the mentality of the "white collar" Albanians, mostly miserable parvenues without any respect or even regard for their nation's ancient traditions. More a large Moslem village than a modern town, Tirana with its 35,000 inhabitants offers none of the comforts or even the dignity you might expect from a European royal residence; you may see flocks of cattle, sheep and goats trotting through the dusty streets of this metropolis. King Zog's summer palace and some of the legations are in Durazzo, a little harbor town of 10,000 inhabitants on the Adriatic shore, about two hours' drive from Tirana.

Albania, after centuries of Turkish domination, declared its independence on November 28, 1912, as a result of Turkey's weakness shown in the Balkan wars. A German prince, William of Wied, was selected by the great powers as ruler of the new buffer state, and the population acclaimed him. But soon he had to face riots; money emanating from certain European capitals evidently had been very helpful in inciting some martial tribes against the foreign prince, who had

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insufficient knowledge of the feelings and customs of his "beloved Albanians." When the World War broke out he returned to Germany, and left Albania in a state of chaos.

The Italians occupied the country without any declaration of war—partly in order to break Austro-Hungarian influence in Albania, partly in order to win a *glacis* of their own, on the most narrow part of the Adriatic. But the strategic value of controlling both coasts of the Strait of Otranto is only one feature of Albania's importance for Italian expansion. There is still another aspect of the matter which should not be overlooked by students of world politics. It is only half as far from the Albanian-Serbian border to the Turkish Straits as from the Jugoslav-Italian border. Keep this in mind for the history of the next decades.

But to return from these geo-political considerations to the facts of history. Soon after the World War the Italians were forced by Albanian riots to retire, retaining only the rocky island of Saseno, which commands the Bay of Valona. This situation continues to the present day; without any juridical right or treaty, Italy enjoys a unique strategical position. And there has been nobody who dared to expel them from their rocky eyrie, which they have fortified in the meantime. In 1921 the Council of Ambassadors drew the bundary lines of Albania (revised in 1926), but forgot about Saseno.

There are about 1,100,000 Albanians in the Kingdom of Albania; there are about as many more in the world. Besides minor groups in Turkey and the United States, there are about 200,000 in Italy (mostly in the province of Puglia) and there is an "Albania irredenta" of about 700,000 souls in those parts of Jugoslavia and Greece which border on the Albanian Kingdom. This has caused a great deal of political intrigue. The Italians have tried to arouse among the Albanians of Jugoslavia and Greece the idea of a Greater Albanian Kingdom, including their districts. But Italian propaganda has not been very successful, since so far the Albanians have proved more tribe conscious than nation conscious. On the other hand, both Jugoslav and Greek politicians have more than once discussed a division of Albania between their two countries as the safest way to oust Italian imperialist expansion from the Balkans and stabilize a new policy of Balkanic solidarity. Some Jugoslav patriots have also dreamed of the possibility of including the whole territory inhabited by Albanians within the borders of the Jugoslav state.

As a matter of fact, hardly a year has passed without conflicts, border incidents or diplomatic complications. In 1927 there was even a diplomatic break between Albania and Jugoslavia. Macedonian *comitadjis* have tried occasionally to cooperate with Albanian chieftains. But no new Balkan War has broken out. There have been machinations, intrigues, murder plots, kidnapings, underground movements, but only a few open riots. There are few "white collar" Albanians in Tirana and Durazzo who do not receive a money order upon the arrival of either an Italian or a Jugoslavian steamer, and evidently those who do are expected to earn their pay through political activity. Whenever an Albanian politician becomes imperiled, he always is able to find a safe asylum either in Bari or in Belgrade, the two towns where emigrants from Albania are courted in the hope that they may prove useful for "future opportunities."

The "Albanian question" arises mostly from the rivalry of Italy and Jugoslavia, which after the World War replaced the old Italo-Austrian rivalry. Italy's push to the other side of the Adriatic has become more active since the advent of fascism. Mussolini has done his best not only to vivify the heroic memories of ancient Rome, but also the great era of Venice.

The extent of the territories of the Venetian Republic is the basis of Italy's "historical claims" to the Dalmatian coast, which Mussolini wants to "reunite with its mother Italy," though it is inhabited by an overwhelming majority of Slavs. Today Italy already claims as her own the best strategical positions in the Adriatic, and with so many fulcrums on the eastern coast Italy brings closer to accomplishment her idea of a "Mare Nostrum." She possesses Fiume and the island of Cherso, and Zara, the former capital of Dalmatia (though this town without hinterland would seem to be in danger in case of war, and her retention is perhaps merely a question of prestige). But more important from the strategical point of view, Italy has been able to hold the island of Lagosta and has fortified it as a maritime base, occupying an incomparable position to command almost the entire Jugoslavian coast. Add to all this the occupation of Saseno and the political and economic penetration of Albania!

For some time the influence of the Italian lire and the Jugoslavian dinar had been fighting to win the support of the "white collar" Albanians; but the lire proved the more effective *valuta*. When for a short time Achmed Zogu, then Premier of Albania, turned too much toward Jugoslavia, Italy favored the rising of Bishop Fan Noli, head of the Albanian Orthodox Church, and Achmed Zogu went to Belgrade for Jugoslav support. A few months later he returned to Albania with Jugoslav advisers. Fan Noli, a former student at Harvard and a learned man, was, however, a muddle-headed politician; the chaos he had created paved the way for Achmed Zogu's easy return to power. Fan Noli escaped to Bari, and later to Boston, Massachusetts, where some

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weeks ago the three sisters of Achmed Zogu negotiated peace with their brother's most ardent enemy and offered him the post of head of the State Department of Education.

In January, 1925, Albania was declared a republic with Zogu as President for seven years. At first, he intended to tack between Italy and Jugoslavia, but being generally short of cash—his operetta style household was rather expensive, even in those republican days—he soon came to depend more and more on Italian subventions. Italian financiers were permitted to establish the Albanian National Bank which has the sole right to issue paper money and coinage (until 1925 only foreign money was used in Albania), and the bank has wielded supreme financial power. Italians exploited the few industries of the country, the oilfields passed under Italian control, Italian engineers constructed highways from the coast to the Jugoslav frontier. Italian merchandise flooded the country and spaghetti became popular. In November, 1926, the Treaty of Tirana was signed, by which both states promised to give each other "their mutual support and collaboration." That meant of course that in practise Albania became Italy's puppet state. One year later the two unequal partners signed a twenty-year defensive military pact.

On September 1, 1928, Achmed Zogu gathered in the fruits of his pro-Italian policy. Under Italian protection he was allowed to proclaim himself Zog I, King of the Albanians. But it was hard for him to find a queen to secure the creation of a new dynasty. His desire to marry an Italian princess was not fulfilled. At last after nearly a decade a professional matchmaker succeeded in finding the Albanians a queen, a pretty girl of twenty-two, daughter of one of Hungary's most esteemed noble families. She is a Catholic. It was hoped that she might persuade her husband to have a Catholic wedding. But Zog I was afraid to favor the religion to which only a small minority of Albanians adhere, about 10 percent of the nation. Seventy percent of Zog's subjects are Moslems, 20 percent are Orthodox Christians, and Zog, a Moslem himself, was scrupulous not to hurt their religious feelings. So the religion of the future dynasty of Albania remains a problem still unsolved. Only a civil wedding took place.

The marriage to a daughter of Hungary, a state so close to the Rome-Berlin axis, seems to indicate that there will be no change in Albania's foreign policy, for which Belgrade has never ceased to hope. Albania's dependence on Italy is a challenge to the Jugoslav slogan: the Balkans to the Balkan nations. Attempts to win Albania to a policy of Balkan cooperation and solidarity have always proved a failure. In spite of the Italo-Jugoslav pact of friendship, there is still a certain tension between Belgrade and Rome, mainly on account of the Albanian question. But in the actual world situation there is little hope for Belgrade's Balkan ambition. Encircled by Italy, Germany and Hungary, the statesmen of Jugoslavia will be unable to check Mussolini's policy and to stop his "peaceful penetration" of Albania.

Sketch in Charcoal

By FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON

WHEN, as a child, I learned that "Alice in Wonderland" had been written by a professor of mathematics, mathematics went up in my estimation; they had been very low. And when I was told that the occasion of its composition had been a river picnic at Oxford, when the professor and Alice had gone off in a punt with a tea-basket and an umbrella, the place called Oxford went up even higher than mathematics. You see, I had always felt rather put upon because, although I lived on a river, it wasn't the sort on which you could embark with plum cake and a tea-kettle. I knew, having been brought up on the Wordsworthian tradition, that the proper procedure in regard to rivers is to push your boat among the alders and wander by the grassy brink.

My own river, alas, had no grassy brink. It was all taken up with cinder beds and railroad ties. If you wandered by it, you were in imminent danger of electrocution by the third rail. And if you went out on the water, you went either on a ferryboat or on the Hudson River Dayline, neither of which was so intimate with the water as a punt. It was a lovely river, but it held you off. It didn't allow you to enter closely into its every-day life. So even before I had any idea what a punt was, and while I was still unacquainted enough with the English climate to suppose that an umbrella at a picnic was to keep the sun off, I longed to see this river that was so delightfully usable.

Then one day I went to Oxford. I was just a tourist. I stayed at the Mitre on the High Street and every day I went sightseeing. I crossed the meadows to Christ Church, where I saw the famous Tom Quad and the scarlet hat of Cardinal Wolsey, kept for some curious reason in the scullery. I trotted along Addison's Walk at Magdalen, and at Keble I saw Holman Hunt's "Light

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of the World." I admired the Shelley memorial at University and the Reynolds's window at New College, which I was told was one of the oldest. I climbed to the top of Radcliffe Camera. I went to the Ashmolean Museum, where I got some rather vague Pre-Raphaelite impressions; I poked around Carfax, where I got some etchings; and I went home again without having been any closer to the life of the place than I had been to the river life of the Hudson when I had lived upon its banks.

The next time I went to Oxford I went as a student. I belonged. Instead of guide-books I carried text-books. I had lecture obligations, a tutor, and a room at St. Hilda's, one of the four women's colleges at Oxford. I now knew that the name of the river on which Alice went in the punt was the Cherwell, and I pronounced it "Charwell," quite as easily as I said "Maudlin" for Magdalen. I knew that the river was really just the good old Thames in its upper reaches; that above Oxford it became the Isis, and by the time it reached Cambridge it was called the Cam.

St. Hilda's was directly on the Cherwell. The garden path ran to meet it, so hastily in fact that it had to be checked by a grilled iron gate from precipitating itself into the water. Beyond the gate stone steps led down to the landing stage where the punts were tethered. The garden was especially beautiful, because the property, before it belonged to the college, had been the home of the curator of the Botanical Gardens. Whenever there happened to be duplicates among the rare plants, the association prevailed upon the curator to place them in his own garden. This he did to the lasting enrichment of St. Hilda's.

While the curator had bequeathed to the garden his vast knowledge of flowers, his wife had left hers in another form. Because she wanted during the long bleak winters to have a reminder of summer, she had swung herself in a hammock from the ceiling in the common room and had skilfully copied the garden onto the plaster. The seasons had been very kind to her flowers; the paint had scarcely flaked at all.

My room was on the ground floor and opened onto the garden; or rather, the garden seemed to come in at the windows—the roses and pinks and stocks and Canterbury bells. They did a lot toward making the poetry I was reading more real and the didactic volumes less dry. Hobbes's "Leviathan" was greatly tempered by a choice white holly tree which grew just outside the window. He was rather difficult going, Hobbes. And an Australian monkey tree furnished realistic branches upon which to hang certain Darwinian speculations.

Inside, the room was mostly books. Bookshelves began where the windows ended and left off again only for the fireplace. The fireplace was not woodburning. It had a bleak little grate for coals, a brass scuttle of which was always at hand. It had to be, for although St. Hilda's boasted a central heating system, the heat was only for the halls and the common room. Sometimes I used to suck fiery cinnamon drops to get at least a taste of warmth. That failing, the only other way to lessen the cold was to go out of doors.

However, it wasn't living at St. Hilda's and paying tuition fees that gave me the feeling of being really an Oxford student. It was having a bicycle. When I made the sharp turn at Cowley Plane, or went careening across the Magdalen Bridge into the High, my idea of Oxford was complete, for true Oxonians go on wheels. "B. Litt.'s" and "D. Litt.s" scorch by or weave skilfully through traffic. Often, though the bicycles are not built for two, two ride them; and sometimes it was a case of "three men on a bike," one of those things that you see and don't believe.

Without a bicycle you can't find half the fascinating places in the purlieus of Oxford, up lanes and by-ways. There were places you wouldn't go to because you wouldn't have guessed they were there. You had just to happen on them. A favorite objective was the old Trout Inn at Godstow, famous for its strawberries in the spring. The stream beside it, where the trout dwelt, was a turbulent affair with an incredibly noisy set of weirs. It was spanned by a narrow foot bridge, having a handrail only on one side; a broken-back contraption arched grotesquely to shed the snow in the winter time; as you crossed it, it swayed and wheezed crazily above the swirl of waters.

The inn had one of the few thatched roofs not yet superseded by the more practical slate. I had thought that the reason thatch was being given up all over England was because of its inflammable nature, but an old thatch-mender at the inn told me I was wrong. 'Twas because thatch-mending be a difficult trade to master. It takes patience and a steady hand, and where't they to be found these days? Once the thatch-menders were as many as chimney sweeps. 'Twas a proud profession. Today 'twould be hard to find another to match himself. Gone was the Worshipful Company of Thatchers.

Of course I didn't spend all my days at Oxford riding around on a bicycle. I managed also to pick up a few odds and ends of learning. But these are outside the scope of such extracurricular account. This, however, I will say: I liked the leisureliness of the intellectual life as lived at Oxford. The lack of haste is expressed by their phrase, "reading for a degree." They seem to be doing just that. Candidates for the B. Litt. spend two or three years probing into the lives of obscure individuals of whom probably even the candidates themselves had never heard until they started to probe. Their findings may or may not be valuable

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to posterity—most likely not—but no one seems very much to care. They give an impression of being not too utilitarian about their studies, of learning merely for learning's sake.

Oxford is not impregnated with the vocational idea. I know I who had planned to specialize in English was urged toward history, on the theory that you should seek out something other than what your natural inclination suggests. If you mean to be a scientist, by all means study the arts; you will have enough of science by and by.

All of which seems pretty broadening. Of course the preoccupation with research sounds like intensive training, but the tutorial method of handling the research is apt not to be. One girl confided to me that her tutor, an erratic and brilliant Byron scholar, had talked to her for an entire term on the paintings of Velasquez. Velasquez was his grand passion. That was all very well, but her subject was Byron. Oh, Byron! He had spent a good deal of his valuable time on that gentleman, and he must say he didn't like him. Any man who would stand up and pompously give the ocean permission to "roll on," well, you know, that sort of person, really. . . . And the learned tutor returned to his Spanish art.

They had an interesting way, these Oxford dons, of disclaiming knowledge of the subject on which they were specialists. Some of my fellow students thought it was a pose, but I felt that it came from a dislike of pedantry and intellectual swagger. They never used the designation, "Professor." The greatest of the company, as well as the least, was just plain "Mister." They preferred to use initials instead of full names. They were A. J. Carlyle, or M. R. Ridley. It was difficult to tell from the announcement whether the lecturer were a man or a woman. You had to wait to see the person. Sometimes, what with short hair and academic dress, it was difficult to tell even then.

I think what I liked best about Oxford was the constant mingling of the present with the past. Customs persisted although the circumstances which gave rise to the custom no longer existed. Tom Tower rang out its hundred and one strokes, although everyone knows the student body has increased beyond the hundred and one whose safe return to the campus each night used to be recorded by a stroke of the bell; they were not so much rung up as rung in. And the time when this is done is nine o'clock in the evening, and nine o'clock is certainly no longer the curfew hour at Christ Church.

Everywhere names, architecture and tradition keep reminding you that only five out of the twenty-one foundations were of non-Catholic origin. At St. Hilda's the formula for grace in hall was "Benedictus benedicat." The last word was pronounced "benedykat," and the oral examinations, "viva voce," were known as vivas, with a long "i." The Oriel window over the great gateway at Corpus Christi depicts angels bearing the Sacred Host. On the cartouche at Worcester the abbreviation D. O. M., for Deo Optimo Maximo, attests the fact that the hall was originally founded for Benedictine novices from Gloucester Abbey. And from Magdalen Tower on May Day a hymn is sung to the Blessed Virgin.

Yes, it is impossible to live long at Oxford without being conscious of this intermingling of the present with the past. The place has a curious way of making you feel that you are living in both. If you are arguing current political issues in the rooms of the Oxford Union, you are either inspired or chagrined by the horde of busts and statues of statesmen that the university has produced. You see yourself in your mind's eye, already executed in marble.

The past and the present. . . . You might come blinking out into the sunshine of the High Street from the dim interior of St. Mary's, where you had been meditating at the grave of Amy Robsart, and be nearly bowled over by one of your professors on his bike, his brief-case across the handlebars, his trousers neatly clamped by ankle fasteners, his gown billowing back of him, and his mortar-board a-tilt against the wind.

But he wouldn't be at all ridiculous. Plainly he would be pondering the ways of antiquity and accounting for the rise and fall of nations. As for you, although your head might be full of Leicester's frailties and the insecurity of favor at the court of Elizabeth the Queen, that fact would in no way impair your appetite for tea and scones at Dujohn's in the Cornmarket.

Cyanocitta Crystata

(Blue Jay)

My little Prince of Indigo,
Above your dubious circumstance,
Empty of melody you flaunt
Your azure elegance.

No want of manners may infect
With indignation my delight,
That is debtor to a radiance
Ill reputation cannot blight.

You dazzle me, Cerulean Sir,
And tempt me almost to defend
Even a truculence that serves
So opulent an end.

The wanton tumors rise and fall
Against my lax, indulgent ear,
And there's no jury to convict
So blue a buccaneer.

ANNE BLACKWELL PAYNE.

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A Night in Jersey City

By BARRETT McGURN

A VISIT to Germany is not necessary to experience the frightful feeling of helplessness which the Jew feels when Nazi storm troopers sabotage his business and spit upon his person. Nor is a journey to the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics needed to learn at first hand the sense of defenselessness which Russian Orthodox nuns, priests and prelates knew on their Easter Eve, late in April, 1938, when they were seized and jailed on glib charges of espionage.

In Jersey City I sampled all those sensations. I felt the impress of the hallmark of totalitarian tyranny—sudden seizure without charges by police who refused to identify themselves, rough treatment, and abduction into the night toward an undisclosed, and therefore terrifying, rendezvous.

It was May Day Eve, the end of a day on which Communists and other leftists had paraded, made speeches and listened to speeches, and waved banners and worn buttons. There had been no violence. The conservatives were still conservatives and the radicals were still radical—but sleepy and anxious to get home to bed. That night, when most of what had been said by the leftists earlier in the day had already been forgotten, I, as a New York newspaper correspondent, rode with Norman Thomas in a steaming and rattling wreck of a coupe into Jersey City, one of the few large cities in which the radicals had not had their say that day.

Thomas and two other Socialists entered Jersey City in defiance of a local statute forbidding outdoor speeches without a permit. All three felt that such denial violated their right to free speech and freedom of assembly, guaranteed to all individuals by the Constitution. The others of us were defying no statute, violating no ordinance. How Thomas was grabbed by six huskies, three on each arm, dragged a hundred feet into a black limousine, shoved inside, and rushed away from Journal Square within a minute of the time he stepped from my side in the coupe, has already been told and repeated at length in my own and other newspaper accounts. The curious secrecy which was clamped down by the Jersey City police has not been as widely publicized. For nearly an hour, as Harry Walsh, the chief of police, and other officials denied all knowledge of what had happened to Thomas, no newspaperman knew with certainty what had befallen him. The first definite information came forty-five minutes after Thomas's abduction, when I, too, was abducted and given a "ride" similar to the one Thomas was forced to undergo.

As soon as Thomas was grabbed I put my press card in the center of my fedora, where it remained during the events of the following hour, and started on a run through the crowd of sympathizers, policemen and bystanders, attempting to reach Thomas's side. I did not succeed. Police with swinging nightsticks obstructed every yard of the way, although the press card made some slight progress possible.

With impressive efficiency Thomas was rushed from the scene so swiftly that pursuit in a taxicab was impossible. I did the next best thing. "Where," I asked breathlessly of a uniformed Jersey City police officer with the badge of captain, "have they taken Norman Thomas?"

"Taken Thomas?" was his bland reply, although the captain stood at the very spot from which Thomas had been driven away a moment earlier. "I don't know as how they've taken him!"

I ran to a restaurant across the street and telephoned police headquarters. They referred me to the Seventh Precinct. The desk sergeant there reported in a monotone that "Thomas isn't here and they'd bring him here if he was arrested." Was that a police statement that Thomas had not been arrested? Could I report it as such? He repeated the formula and refused to answer any other questions.

Back in the street I asked several more police officials the same questions, and added a new one. What was being done with the other pedestrians who were being seized now and taken away in the ubiquitous black sedans? Again the police refused any information. At intervals persons were being pulled out of the crowd by policemen and hustled into automobiles. Some were accused of making remarks sympathetic to Thomas, and some of being with people who made remarks sympathetic to Thomas. Others were not even accused.

Typical of the police attitude was the treatment one officer, with the badge of inspector, gave a young Jew who was obeying the orders of police in the square to leave the vicinity. The Jewish youth headed south on Hudson Boulevard away from the square. As he passed the inspector, he was grabbed, spun around and propelled back toward the square with a vigorous shove and a stream of abusive language. The bewildered youth obediently started back to the scene of most of the disturbance. Seeing my press card and perhaps catching the raised eyebrow, despite the murk of the darkened hallway from which I watched, the inspector walked over to me and explained his conduct: "That fellow hasn't washed

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his face since he left Union Square. That's the only reason I pushed him around."

A few minutes later I saw a crowd collecting a block east at Sip Avenue. I hurried up in time to see a policeman with a lieutenant's badge haul a disheveled Jew to the curb, twisting the youth's rumpled coat into a knot. He pitched the youth into the back seat of another of the black cars, and then, spinning about, grabbed another young fellow. "You were with him, too, weren't you?" he challenged. Without waiting for a reply, he shoved the second lad into the automobile with heavy emphasis on his next remark. "Well, we'll give you a ride, too." The word "ride" took on all its sinister modern connotations as he uttered it.

"You can give me a ride, too," I volunteered quietly, stepping to the curb beside the open door. The lieutenant turned around in amazement at such a request. Taking in my Irish features and my press card at a glance, the lieutenant, himself apparently an Irish-American, demurred. "No, you look like a nice guy," he said. "Now get outa here."

Anxious not to create a scene, I turned away without another word and threaded my way through the crowd. The car drove off with the two youths. Suddenly I was grabbed and yanked back to the curb by the same strong grip I had noticed on the coat of the suspected radical. "So you want a ride?" snapped the lieutenant. He beckoned to still another of the black limousines. It drove up immediately. "This guy wants a ride," the driver was informed. "We'll give him one. Alone. By himself."

With that the lieutenant opened the back door, propelled me inside with a solid shove from behind, and jumped in after me. A press photographer, alert to what was happening, ran up to the side of the car and shot my picture, the press card still in my hatband. Before others could follow his example, the car roared off.

As we raced through the darkened and deserted and run-down factory section of Jersey City, my imagination had silent minutes to run the gamut of all the possible police intentions. I had no longing to become a martyr to the machine of Mayor Frank Hague, and so I fell back on the deadliest of all reportorial weapons—I started taking notes. No matter how friendly the reporter's intentions may be, the interviewer never fails to flinch, if ever so slightly, when the writer begins to take notes. It had the desired effect. The lieutenant began to speak in a placatory vein.

"You asked for this, you'll admit that, won't you?" he began.

I had no intention of arguing, then and there, the distinction between being taken, as the public's witness, with abducted citizens to observe their treatment, and the quite different matter of being captured without choice and rushed away from the scene I was reporting, in a car manned by unidentified and hostile men of huge physique. "I'm getting it," I replied with great accuracy.

"You were inciting a crowd to riot," he persisted. It occurred to me that Jersey City crowds must be perilously close to insurrection if a softly spoken routine remark of a newspaperman could precipitate violence, but I made no reply.

After a quarter of an hour, the car drove into the New York ferry house of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, miles from Journal Square. Another limousine pulled in ahead of me and was emptied by five or six plain clothes men of huge physique, who dragged the occupants from the vehicle and herded them none too gently onto a ferry to New York. Before they could reach my car I opened the door and jumped out, still uncertain what lay in store.

The heavy-set men recoiled as they saw the press card. Apparently the script had mentioned nothing about bringing newspapermen to the scene of deportation. The lieutenant hurried up to them, whispered an explanation and then hopped back into the car and drove away without me. The plain clothes men turned their backs and avoided me. From ferry hands I learned that Thomas had been deported from there, along with others.

What happened to me was more prolonged but less painful than what happened to some others that night, most of whom were also innocent of any ordinance violations or intended violations. Photographers were jostled as they attempted to take pictures of police behavior. One cameraman was bashed on the head with a nightstick. Mrs. Thomas charged she was punched. Others exhibited lacerations, bumps and bruises, which they claimed later were the results of police clubbing.

The actions of the Hague police that night brought home the leftist message of May Day, not only to the little knots of enthusiasts who heard it preached at unmolested meetings, but also to a vast cross-section of American liberals and conservatives. To condemn Hague's reasoning in thus assuring the leftists of popular sympathy, is a matter for personal decision. But may it not be a matter of conscience for us Catholics to protest the cynical disregard for constitutional rights which the Jersey City police displayed that night?

The Catholics of New Jersey cannot be of such short memory that they forget, two centuries back, when freedom of religion, the greatest of all the civil liberties, was permitted to all—"except, of course, Catholics." The bigots who made that rule in the crown colony of New Jersey justly have gone down in history as deluded misleaders of the people. May not decisive action now win for all time the fight for tolerance and constitutional liberty in New Jersey and the rest of the United States?

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Festival in the Azores

By PATRICIA W. VAURIE

IN NO place in the world does the *Festa do Espirito Santo,* feast of the Holy Ghost, have such a popular hold on the people as in the nine Portuguese islands of the Azores. This biggest and most important Azorean festival did not arise from the Church alone, but from the people; and the established Church, in her wisdom, saw fit to tolerate it and assist at its celebration. From the first Sunday after Easter, for seven successive Sundays, until Pentecost, verses are sung and dances performed, feasting, gaiety, laughter abound, in the name and in the honor of the Third Person of the Holy Trinity.

In a typical small Azorean community, on the first Sunday after Easter, a procession of men, women and children, arrayed in their best clothes and bearing garlands of flowers, makes its way toward the little chapel of Espirito Santo, led by their *imperador* (emperor). The *imperador* is not the priest but a man (occasionally a child) chosen by lot to be crowned in the chapel. He is not, however, the real show in the procession. That honor goes to three extravagantly dressed men—one carrying a crimson, gold-tasseled banner emblazoned with a dove, one shaking a tambourine, one beating furiously on a drum—who weave in and out among the people or even march abreast in front of the *imperador.* These men are the musicians and the masters of ceremony, the *foliões,* as they are called, and the whole order of the festival is regulated by them. They used to be indispensable in all parts of the islands, but nowadays, except in the outlying districts, they have pretty well disappeared. Instead of the drummer and tambourine shaker, the larger villages and towns now employ a brass band.

Let us fall in with one of these colorful processions. It is a blazing blue-and-gold day on the island of São Miguel. The procession winds down the main street of a small northern village. At its head stalk the three masters of ceremony. The costumes of these men are of the gayest possible hues—loose long coats of red and gold, knee-length on the two taller men, almost to the ankles on the tambourine player. About their heads are tied bright yellow bandanas. The flag-bearer has a plain white shirt and no tie, but the others sport black and white checked shirts, and one has a blue waistcoat under his outer coat. They wear shoes also, a painful burden for those accustomed to walk barefooted, but smilingly and bravely borne in the name of the Holy Ghost.

At the entrance of the little chapel, the drummer gives a roll on his drum and the *imperador* and his retinue pass within for the coronation. The chapel is known as the *imperio,* a plain little stone house with the dove, symbol of the Holy Ghost, perched above the slightly pointed roof, sometimes by itself, sometimes atop a crown. There are a few stone steps before a wide open door, two large windows to each side of the door, one small room within. Upon the altar and flanked by lighted candles rests the real crown on a big silver tray, a scepter beside it. The crown, too, is of silver, having four arcs which, at the point of junction, hold a little silver cross, or a dove, or perhaps both, one on top of the other. One often finds these crowns in miniature in people's houses as ornamental symbols. With the dove, they play an important rôle in the festival.

When the audience is assembled—and in a small community everyone must be present under pain of committing a sacrilege in the eyes of his fellows—the priest of the parish directs the proceedings. He says the Mass and, after blessing the *imperador* with the scepter and kissing the dove on the crown, hands over to him both scepter and crown. Then the *imperador,* glittering crown on his head and scepter in his hand, proudly leads the people out of the *imperio* and begins the distribution of bread and meat and wine to the poor, an essential rite of the festival from its very beginnings. The money for the food or the food itself is secured by members of the Brotherhood of the Holy Ghost who go about begging alms before the time of the *festa.* Such solicitation is not always necessary, for some of the brotherhoods have a large enough income from annual dues to provide food out of their treasury.

Rejoicing, the gay procession now winds its way through narrow streets to the house of the *imperador,* where his womenfolk have prepared a feast for all. This dinner is the only expense borne by the *imperador,* and everyone makes economies during the year in case it should be he who is chosen to give it. For it is not a wise thing to try to stint on food or to begrudge any amount of work for this cause, since, they say, the Holy Ghost *é muito vingativo* (is very vengeful). In a certain village in the island of São Jorge, for example, there was once a man, Matheus Machado Fagundes, who one year failed in his duty and did not provide food and wine for the festival. This was not at all acceptable to the Holy Ghost, who therefore planned events in such a way that Matheus should suffer a broken leg in atonement for his slight to the Divine Person. It was apparently an accident, but Matheus knew he had

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been punished by Divine Hand, for, though he fell from his window onto a table set with food and drink, nothing on that table was disturbed, not a glass upset, not a dish cracked. The only object hurt was himself, with a broken leg.

The dinner at the house of the *imperador* is entirely directed by the picturesque *foliões,* who seem to be inspired by the gift of tongues. Perhaps it is not only by chance that they are so voluble. Back in biblical times, when "parted tongues, as it were of fire" were conferred by the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles, the latter went forth to preach the word of God throughout the land, in one language that everyone understood, and their eloquence was like an ever-flowing fountain. In present times the *foliões,* though without education and often illiterate, improvise verse after verse of rhymed quatrains with remarkable facility. At the dinner no food is served without their orders, declaimed to the beat of the drum and the tinkle of the tambourine. They sing to the crown and dove, they sing before the soup course, before the meat, before the dessert; in fact, they sing for the seven weeks of the feast on all occasions.

The long table at the house of the *imperador* is crowded with people. The room is hot and the smell of food fills the air. Although everyone is becoming increasingly hungry, appropriate verses must first be sung to the host and to the crown. Then one of the *foliões* starts the feasting by:

O meu nobre imperador,
Sois pessoa de nobresa;
Mandai vir a nobre sopa
Para honrar a vossa nesa.

Oh my noble emperor,
Be a person of nobility;
Make them bring the noble soup
To do honor to your table.

Nobody begins the soup, however, until another verse is sung. This second verse is the signal to begin. The soup is almost a meal in itself, but it would be most discreditable if the *imperador* served nothing else.

The drummer raps for silence, then he sings:

O meu nobre imperador,
Cravo branco riscadinho;
Mandai vir a nobre carne
Ai, e logo atraz o vinho.

Oh my noble emperor,
White carnation striped with red;
Make them bring the noble meat
And right after bring the wine.

In the same manner the *foliões* sing before the roast (which is usually beef), and before the sweet rice dessert. When the dinner is over and everyone has eaten too much, a toast of brandy, or brandy and wine mixed, is drunk all around and each guest is supposed to leave in his cup a few pennies for the *foliões.*

The *imperador* is uncrowned after the feast, and crown and scepter are taken to the house of the man who has been chosen, also by lot, to be *imperador* on the next Sunday. So it goes until Pentecost: seven weeks of festivity, and each Sunday the same colorful procession and the crowning of a new *imperador.* Each successor keeps the crown and scepter in his house for one week. But the first *imperador* is allowed to keep them during the year, which is considered not only a great honor but to bring protection. In the Azores, they say, any house containing anything belonging to the celebration of the feast of the Holy Ghost is exempt from fire or other loss.

The feast of the Holy Ghost in the Azores was not at first the property of the people, but of the nobles, who had brought it with them from Portugal some time after the first Azorean island had been discovered (São Miguel Island, 1432). The earliest recorded observance of the festival in the archipelago tells of a "splendid imperio" in the capital of the island of Terceira in 1492, and in 1508 of an "Imperio dos Nobres" (*Imperio* of the Nobles), in the Vila da Praia. A noble, reads the document, of the brotherhood of "Espirito Santo," on the day of Pentecost, with a crown on his head, distributed alms of bread to the poor.

The actual origins of the feast, however, go back a century earlier to the time of Queen Saint Isabel of Portugal (1271-1336) and King Dom Dinis. Isabel was a holy Queen and much given to acts of charity. According to the legend, the Holy Ghost appeared to her one day while at prayer in her palace of Alemquer and told her to build a temple, dedicated to Him. Losing no time, she first heard Mass, then, with one of her maidens, descended to the plains below, where a winding river ran. From there she sent for workers to erect the temple, and in the meantime knelt to pray for the success of her project. As the villagers, apprised of the plans, approached with the workers, the Queen rose from her prayers, and a murmur of wonder passed through the assembled people, for lo! the foundations of the shrine had already been laid by angels. All that day the task of building went on and in the evening Isabel, not having any money with which to pay her workers, gave to each one a rose, saying, "With this I thank you." They thought this rather strange, but when they reached their homes they were well repaid, for all the roses in their hands had turned to gold.

When, during that spring, the temple had been completed, Isabel invited the nobles of her realm

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to come to Alemquer for the festivities. Here the first Brotherhood of the Holy Ghost, composed of the nobles, was formed, and they pledged to continue each year the celebration of the feast. Here, too, took place the first distribution of food to the poor.

Queen Isabel, the founder of this ancient festival, ever-mindful of the welfare of the poor and considered a saint by her contemporaries, was, in 1625, canonized by the Church. A wealth of miracles and legends surrounds her name. One in particular, also concerning roses, is always told of her. On a certain occasion, she was on her way out of the palace, the folds of her voluminous skirt heavy with coins which she planned to distribute to the workers of the Convent of Santa Clara. The king, suspicious of the ridges in her dress, stopped her, asking what she was hiding. "Roses, Senhor," she answered. "Roses—in January?" he queried, frowning. "How is it possible?" The queen blushed and cast down her eyes. As she thus bore in silence the displeasure of her husband, she felt the weight in her skirt lessening, and her courage returned. Head erect again, she let fall the folds of her dress and, instead of coins clattering to the ground, roses fluttered softly on the floor, burying the feet of the astounded king with their petals.

Rome at Work

By NATHALIE TROUBETSKOY

ROME, eternal city of the world, ever-beating heart of Italy, has changed tremendously since the war, is changing rapidly and daily, a fact well known to the average reader or traveler. Broad, sleek avenues are taking the place of old cobbled and narrow streets; whole sections of unsanitary but picturesque slums are giving way to the many juvenile, welfare and *Dopolavoro,* or "after-work," organizations; brocaded, gilded and arched seventeenth-century palaces and convents are being razed to reveal the cold and cruel dignity and beauty of some public playground of the early Christian era. Pavements are smooth, sanitation good, traffic fast and well controlled. Rome, the aged, untidy, always beautiful woman with a glorious and not too respectable past, has become a decorous lady of the present, with a future, as people are beginning to realize, that may compare with the past.

How this has all come about one also knows—in general, vague terms, or in too individualistic ones; but what the population has paid in work, in sacrifice, is only understood by the few initiated, admitted to the inner life of the country and the people. The Italians, always easy workers and glad servitors, are now geared to their highest output. Outwardly, the disregard of time, the slowness of gait, the maddening elasticity of office hours, appointments, contracts, promises, may remain the same, but underneath things are very different. Italy is working hard, and perhaps Italian women hardest of all.

The inhabitants of the house I live in offer an excellent proof of this statement. First comes the *portiera*, a handsome eagle-eyed woman from Abruzzo. Her wide-set grey eyes keep a constant surveillance of the busy staircase, though their attention could be wholly claimed by constant, delicate sewing, the small salary being quite inadequate for the family. The eldest daughter, Emore, a slim and glamorous, blue-eyed, tawny-headed child of thirteen, who looks more like a Hollywood starlet than an Italian working girl, is already an expert hairdresser. Alfio, aged ten, has only a few months left of school; a brilliant scholar, with a passion for painting, he earns odd *soldis* for paper and pencils, running errands for the lodgers. Even baby Guiseppina, aged three, dainty and fair-haired, does her share in fetching the papers from around the corner. The father, a mechanic, has such late working hours that one never sees him, except after midnight, when he keeps company with his wife, who stitches away till well past twelve. She has also to keep the complicated house register, distribute the mail, scrub five flights of white marble stairs, and feed her lusty family two good hot meals a day.

My neighbors and good friends across the landing are another example. The flat belongs to three old maids, with a delicious sense of humor and understanding of each other and other people. Before, they had a comfortable home, with separate rooms and a pretty roof-garden all to themselves, but now they must work and let the rooms. They accept the change with smiles and many shrugs of narrow, bent shoulders. "It is life! All the world works now. *E vero?*" Having to learn to work in the late forties has not embittered them; only sometimes the youngest, driven perhaps by her queer name, Mineguccia, will speak wistfully of a box at the opera, when Nijinsky danced, and of Houbigant face powder. She, being lame and a cripple, has to stay at home and runs the household. Both the elder sisters work in a welfare dispensary.

One of their rooms is occupied by an old friend, a typical broad-hipped and deep-bosomed, rather indolent Roman matron, forced to earn her

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living since recent widowhood by running a small milk shop. One daughter is still in a convent school, the other, Marisa, a self-assured, rebellious youngster, with a man's brain and an already over-plump and developed woman's body, is, at fifteen, at the end of her high-school studies and taking her *matric.* A post in the railway offices is waiting for her.

In another room lives an elusive being, a pretty girl in the twenties who acts as sewing-maid, companion, nurse to rich Americans in the big hotels. She goes to work early and comes back late, is hardly heard or seen.

Down the passage are two more women, *forestieri,* but exiles and attached to their new country, therefore not *stranieri.* One is a German gymnastic teacher, the other a French fashion-artist. These two lead a hurried, erratic life, dashing in and out, running all over the town, always with suit-cases and satchels, telephoning, making and breaking appointments, giving a little pepper to the monotonous daily round.

The dirty work of all and sundry, washing up, floor-scrubbing, is done by Maria, a gentle-eyed, ever-willing Maria that, under some guise or form, is always to be found in every Italian home. She lives in one of the tiny hovels that climb up the back of the stately, pink-stuccoed old palace. To summon her, one just leans out of the kitchen window. "Maria, Maria-a-a!" the urgent call comes in different voices at different times, and Maria responds smilingly at all hours of the day and night.

The eight women get on remarkably well, the general peace and good-will greatly due to the unfailing courtesy and good humor of the three old sisters, but the feminine atmosphere is also leavened by a small male, seven-year-old Pierro, their nephew. Pierro's father has also a late night job in one of the *ministerios;* his mother is on the staff of the EIAR, the Italian radio; they cannot give a proper home to a small boy, so Pierrino lives with his aunts, adding a not inconsiderable amount of work to their already busy lives. Maria takes him to early school. Sigorina Mina and the other women in the house keep an eye on him for the rest of the day, not a difficult task, as he is sweet-tempered and attractive.

His father fetches him for walks whenever he has spare time, but Mammina's free hours come when the child sleeps. So on the rare Sunday afternoons when she comes, Pierro is flushed, distracted, clumsy; he often rubs his puzzled brown eyes, runs away to the kitchen aimlessly, is noisy and dumb in turns, and only when night comes and she has to go, hides his curly dark head in her lap, filled with unspoken childish regrets and babyhood memories.

However, there is no time for anyone to be miserable too long. School, office, meals and beds, daily church and the rare treat of a lire cinema, the market, the *forestieri's* radio set—everything and everybody in the little home, everything and everybody in the big world outside it, keep the family very busy.

It is a happy place, the *Casa dei Tre Ragazze,* as the sisters laughingly call it, since the recent visit of the Viennese Operetta, complete with Richard Tauber in person. Sigorina Mineguccia was a little depressed about not being able to see it, but the prices were quite beyond their present means. Signorina Elvira, the oldest, the mainstay and wit of the home, threw up her little dry head, so like that of her ancient tortoise's. "*Dico io, Signori*—say I, ladies and gentlemen, we must not grumble! We have music and dancing ourselves, right here, and pretty young girls to look at, and laugh with. And we all have work. Think of all the *povere disgraciate* without anything to do. Pierrino, *mio cuore,* that sum must be finished. Mina, you look tired. Take a rest, my dear. And then I will make *frittatelli* for supper, and the kind *forestieri* will open their door, and we will have splendid music from the Grand Opera of the Royal Theatre. *E vero, Signori?*"

Like a happy bee-hive, the little household works and hums itself to undisturbed sleep, while, with equal cheer and patience, the night workers hold the fort.

Caedmon

The Abbess Hilde loved joyousness;
And feast-days found the hall
(As she remembered in her girlhood
By the Roman wall—the wassail,
The smoke-wraith twisting toward
The roof, the plaintive skald)
With guests and clerics deep
Around the board.
This, the eve of Saint Augustine's day,
All were called upon to sing.
But Caedmon—he alone of all—
Found song too much; and crept away
To pray and sleep where sea-winds
Whispered through the stable walls.

Up in vision sprang the English word!
"Caedmon, sing of the Creation. . . ."
And he, unlettered, sang:
In words that cracked with waves
Along the cliff; wild and cold
And joyous words; rose-pale words
That sighed and whispered like
The sea-wind; words that rippled
Softly like the far-seen hills.

First singing English words. . . .
Words set lovingly on God.

ROBERT P. FELKER.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IT IS to be hoped that wide and favorable attention will be paid to the open letter addressed to Father Coughlin, in his capacity as editor of *Social Justice,* by David Goldstein, the director of the Catholic Campaigners for Christ. In a recent issue of Father Coughlin's paper, there appeared an article, "Karl Marx Debunked," written by Leon Hamilton. David Goldstein, who for more than a quarter of a century has been speaking and writing against Marxism, and against all forms of socialism and communism, turned to this article in *Social Justice* only to find, as he describes his disappointment in his letter to Father Coughlin, that it was "filled with misrepresentation, calumny, quotations from unreliable anarchist organs and vicious insinuations," and he says, very justly: "My experience prompts the conclusion that while setting Marx forth as a 'Jew,' 'fakir,' 'opportunist,' 'Illuminist' and 'plagiarist' may arouse the passions of readers of *Social Justice,* it will never debunk Marx, who ought to be debunked."

David Goldstein, as any reader of his highly important book—his autobiography, "Campaigning for Christ"—well knows, has had highly practical experience of Marxism, for he was an active worker and leader in American socialism, and his fight against Marxism, which he has carried on uninterruptedly since his conversion to Catholicism, was based upon his thorough knowledge of Marx's writings. There are few if any states of the Union in which David Goldstein has not carried on his controversy with the Communists. But that controversy, powerful and sustained as it has been, was at all times subordinated to the great aim of his long career as one of the great modern apostles of the Faith: to spread the teachings of Christ.

Therefore, as he now tells Father Coughlin, he feels it to be his moral duty, "as a convert from Marx to Christ, one who—thanks be to God—was given the grace to pass from the Synagogue to the Church, to enter a protest against such an un-Catholic, anti-Semitic attempt to debunk Marx or anyone else. It is, in my view, a disservice to attempt, in the name of Christ, to 'drive the money changers out of the temple,' while driving bitterness into the hearts of readers of *Social Justice* toward the kith and kin of Christ. It is not becoming in one who has been blessed with a priestly calling, even if he speaks only as a citizen, to debunk anyone by stressing his Judaic ancestry, especially when the false philosophy condemned came from a renegade Catholic source rather than the Jewish source from which it is asserted to have originated."

As Mr. Goldstein points out, Karl Marx's father was a Jew who became a Protestant Christian, being baptized and changing his name from Mordechai to Marx. Karl Marx was never known to have been taught or to have practised Judaism, and his own attitude was that which is known as anti-Semitic: to him, according to M. Beer, his biographer, "the Jew was either a usurer or a cadger." More seriously wrong, however, in its method of attacking Marx, was the article in *Social Justice,* where it states that "the aims and purposes of communism were plagiarized from the doctrines of Illuminism, the work of a Bavarian Jew, Adam Weishaupt." According to David Goldstein, Weishaupt was not a Jew, but a Catholic, in fact, a lay teacher of canon law, in the University of Ingolstadt. He became an apostate, and one of the leaders in that movement fomented by various Masonic and other secret societies which fomented anti-Catholic revolutions in many countries. But before his life ended, Mr. Goldstein tells us, "he saw the error of his ways, and the Church, ever compassionate as is Christ her founder, welcomed this prodigal son like a good mother back to his Father's home."

"I know Jews," Mr. Goldstein writes. "I know their strength and their weakness, their good qualities and objectionable traits, their magnificent abilities and the use made of them all too often in causes that deny the one true God, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. But evil characteristics are found in all peoples, even among our own Catholic people, as you well know. We, grafted as we are on to the Mystical Body of Christ, must act as Christ-like as our faulty natures will permit us to act. We must meet Jews with charity in our hearts as well as on our lips; without all that, all writing and talking for the betterment of the abominable conditions of our time is vain."

As the writer of this manly and highly Christian protest points out, these are days when the Jews of the world are confronted with the most intense and extensive persecution they have had to encounter since the army of Titus destroyed the temple in Jerusalem. Even Jews who have been Christians, Catholic or Protestant, for generations, are being persecuted, or slandered, or treated with most un-Christian injustice and suspicion, even by Christians. For most regretfully it must be admitted that there are many Christians, Catholic as well as Protestant, who are unjust to the Jews, simply because of their race, irrespective of all else, as the pagan Nazis can be.

As Mr. Goldstein—who has set one of the highest and most consistent examples of practical Catholic living before his fellow Catholics of today—points out, the true way for Catholics to deal with Jews is not the way of the pagan Nazis, but the way of Pope Pius XI, who recently cabled to Cardinal Hinsley in London to provide generously for the widow and daughters of the Jewish scientist, Heinrich Hertz, who are living in dismal conditions in London, "exiled from their native home."

Communications

HOUSES OF HOSPITALITY

Bronxville, N. Y.

TO the Editors: The recent letter by Marie Duff on charity is the sort of letter I wish I had not read at all, perhaps because I feel I might even write such a one myself in an irritated moment. But what right have we who are not hungry to speak about the hungry?

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Can we really know how little strength there is perhaps in some of these WPA men who stop to lean and wait a while before taking the next shovelful? Perhaps we ought to take a pick or shovel and go to work for a day as these men do, being careful not to eat too much for a day or so beforehand and being careful to wear a pair of shoes through which mud may seep easily, so that the picture will be perfect. Perhaps we shall then see how even the well-fed man cannot work steadily at such a job, but must work and stop alternately, and much less can the ill-fed, ill-clad one do it. If we did all this, then at least we might have a right to speak about laziness. But not so long as we are well fed and dry and have slept in a decent bed the night before.

But Miss Duff is very right about one thing. There is no mention in the Scriptures of Our Lord directing anyone to a house of hospitality. But one of the most famous houses of hospitality in the world was a wide grassy space where the most Hospitable of Men made out of love a meal for thousands from a few loaves and fishes.

KATHERINE BURTON.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In the May 6 edition of THE COMMONWEAL, Marie Duff raises an objection against houses of hospitality, which I should like to answer.

In her first paragraph Marie Duff says, "Hope is never restored by ministering to a man's physical needs." It makes me wonder if she was ever discouraged, hungry or homeless. If she were, can't she recall being comforted by a meal, sympathy or a home (in other words, hospitality)? We are constantly having hope restored by our physical need being satisfied. How many young men or women would have given up in despair if they didn't have a friend or relative to care for them!

Hope does thrive on charity, for charity is love, and God is Love. Christ says, "Love your neighbor as yourself for love of Me." And you can't love anyone without doing things for him. What greater gift can we offer anyone than our love? I think Miss Duff writes of charity as the world does — in sneering tones as something to be accepted only as a last resort which marks one as a failure.

Houses of hospitality are to show men and women how they can be useful in the scheme of life, not to encourage laziness. Both at Mott Street and at the Catholic Worker farm, it is the aim to give people a home as well as work to do. Of course none of us receive salaries. Perhaps Miss Day's article gave the impression that we were simply interested in practising the works of mercy (which is to be admired) and not in giving work. But we do plan for a man's hire. At our farm there are a dozen or more unemployed living and working. In the future some of them will be building their own homes, working their gardens as well as the community's garden. The Catholic Union of the Unemployed is working specifically for the unemployed and is an outgrowth of the Catholic Worker.

I think Miss Duff would be very surprised at the high caliber of our guests. They come to us because they know we ask no questions and have no red tape. Then they work with us, so they feel they earn their hospitality; but it is entirely voluntary. Of course with over 1,000 daily to feed, it is physically impossible for us to give work to all of them. But even if we could, we wouldn't, for we want to set the example for others to follow. We are firm believers in personal responsibility and initiative. We are not an organization but an organism, as Peter Maurin says.

As for having to foot the bills, our contributors feel that they are sharing in our good works by sending us their money and eagerly do so. Marie Duff says we must discriminate and choose the deserving, but we fear to refuse Christ. Christ fed the hungry, not only the deserving hungry but all the hungry, that day with the loaves and fishes. It is faith in God's Providence that has kept the work going without money in sight.

Christ's life was filled with good works, feeding, consoling and curing, and always He accepted hospitality in His travels those last three years. By houses of hospitality we mean any home however humble. For instance, a reader who is a teacher wrote us that she took in one of her students who was sick and cared for her. The Catholic Worker taught her to be hospitable, and always we have tried to inspire others to follow. Many who come to us from different parts of the city could be housed in their own parishes, if more Catholics had this spirit of charity. With a prayer for more houses of hospitality.

JULIA PORCELLI.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Dorothy Day's omission of Graymoor from her "Houses of Hospitality" article, which she regrets and corrects by letter in your May 13 issue, brings to mind a priest in the Bronx whose work should be better known. He is Reverend Joseph Cacella, St. Anthony's Mission, 443 East 135th Street, New York. Miss Day probably overlooked him also, for a notice of his work has appeared at least once in the *Worker* during the past year or so.

For the last six or seven years Father Cacella has fed several hundred men morning and evening and on Sunday serves them a good midday dinner. His "line" also started in a small way as one of the extra activities of this busy and charitable priest. His regular work is to care for the spiritual needs of New York's Portuguese population.

Perhaps Miss Day meant to include only places which could be strictly called houses of hospitality, that is, those including overnight shelter, and not merely places where men were fed during the day. But if Father Cacella's efforts were better known, and the work had better financial support, a real house of hospitality on a bigger scale could be established. However, he does manage to shelter a few men overnight now and then. Here too, as in the Catholic Worker house, men are fed without question, without regard to religion or race, and without any required attendance at services, sermons or the like.

MARY J. HENNESSY.

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AN INGREDIENT SADLY LACKING

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Count me among those who appreciated Father Hayne's article, "An Ingredient Sadly Lacking," in the May 6 issue. I think that Joseph A. Brady, the subscriber who objected to your cartoon, "Plebiscite in Austria," and cancelled his subscription because of it, should have read Father Hayne's humorous revelation of the "drum beaters" in our midst. It seems to me from the method with which our Catholic press attacks communism that the ingredient sadly lacking is the type of article written by Father Hayne or the cartoon this week, "Action and 'Reaction.'"

Speaking of Catholic Action I want to tell you of my experience in Jersey City last Saturday night. I want to tell you the story in appreciation of Father Hayne's article.

I was in Journal Square as an observer last Saturday evening when an outbreak occurred just a few yards in front of me. A half-dozen men, two wearing Legionnaire hats, were slugging a young man who held up his arms against the fierce attack.

Someone said, "Ask him where he's from," and the young man, apparently overhearing, twice yelled, "Jersey City!" The attack stopped immediately. The young man, cut and bruised about the face and lamenting his sorry plight, asked his attackers who by this time were moving quietly away, "What do I get out of this?"

A man in a Legionnaire hat led the fellow away and talked to him consolingly as he dabbed the boy's bruised face with a handkerchief. I followed and asked the young man for his name, saying I was a reporter. (I used to be, anyway.) The man in the Legionnaire hat spoke to the young man. "No-o-o-o," he warned him, shuddering at the thought, "don't let that out."

By this time I had a group of people around me and continued with some remarks I had started. At that time I said to the sluggers, "If that man were from New York he would have been murdered." After a pause, a long pause, somebody asked me where I was from and I said, "New York." But the terrorists of Jersey City were in an apologetic mood at the time and I was not beaten up

However, when I continued my remarks on that phase of Jersey justice which protects only those citizens of Jersey City, except in cases of mistaken identity, a man came over, looked hard at me and said, "Are you trying to start a private meeting of your own?"

I said, "No, I'm talking to these people. Some of them asked me a few questions," which they did. He motioned me, confidentially, to "Come over here and talk it over."

"If you have anything to say to me," I said, "you can say it right here in front of these people. I believe in free speech and I'd rather talk to you in public."

He looked hard at me again, spit on the two fingers of his right hand, and I thought sure a haymaker was coming at me. But all he did was to grab my arm and turn me over to a patrolman who escorted me to the tube train bound for New York. On the way downstairs at the station I heard a menacing voice behind me say, "And don't come back!"

A well-paid and well-oiled political machine is exacting higher taxes in Jersey City than is paid by any municipality of its size in the country. It is not communism Hague fears; it is the spotlight of truth which is being made ready for a searching study of his régime. He can pay off the insiders, including the gorilla men who enforce his laws by violence, and the men who get out the vote, but he knows that he cannot bribe the rank and file of American people who are receiving the benefits of freedom under the Constitution of the finest government in the world. And anyone who fears the laws of civil liberties under that Constitution should himself be feared.

I believe that what I did last Saturday night comes under the head of Catholic Action. I telephoned the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* after I was "deported," which was close to Sunday's deadline, and they related the incident rather whimsically in a short paragraph on page one. Altogether I think I did well for God and country over last week end. On Saturday I managed to say a few words for freedom of speech and civil liberties in Journal Square, and on Sunday I received Holy Communion.

CHARLES O'CONNOR.

MARITAIN LOOKS AT FRANCO

St. Albans, England.

TO the Editors: In a recent letter I quoted *La Croix* to the effect that the Francoite government in the Basque country had forbidden preaching in the Basque tongue and removed the apostolic administrator of Vitoria to Seville.

I now hasten to inform your readers that a letter has since appeared in the London *Catholic Herald* from the rector of the English College at Valladolid, Monsignor Edwin Henson, who says in fact the civil authority allows the Basque language to be used "when preaching in hamlets and villages far from urban centers and where the inhabitants speak no other language." Furthermore, the *Catholic Herald* reports that the administrator of Vitoria has *not* been exiled to Seville.

I must therefore apologize for giving further publicity than it had already had to an erroneous statement.

DONALD ATTWATER.

BOOKS FOR A LIBRARY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: The annual appeal for books for the library of the Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick, has just been sent out from their motherhouse, and all those who have books which they wish to donate are asked to send them or deliver them to 10 West 17th Street, New York, New York. Any good books will be welcome for the library of the Sisters. Catholic spiritual books are of course especially desired for the reading of the community. Good works of reference and good fiction are also useful, especially for the hospice of rest and health conducted at Vista Maria. These donations of books will help to prepare the Sisters for their work and those who give them will become benefactors of the community and share in the many prayers and good works offered for benefactors.

REV. EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

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Points & Lines

Recession and Recovery

ON MAY 15 the House passed the administration Recovery and Relief Bill, but few expressed the opinion that the bill would bring much prosperity.

John T. Flynn elaborates on the new investment problem in the *New Republic:*

> The recession has now passed from the lay-off stage to the salary-reduction stage. This is not to say that lay-offs have been discontinued. Far from it. . . . Those who think that business can pull us out of this depression by itself and who believe also that business will do it by means of investment may well be appalled by the job business will have securing investment. . . . New investment has practically come to a standstill. I do not think we have had a phenomenon like this in thirty years. To talk of suspending the flow of government money into the system under the circumstances offers a prospect so startling that one draws back from contemplating what would happen if this advice were heeded.

Time tries to find the beginning:

> Since last fall's market crash and the fiasco which resulted when the public refused to buy $44,000,000 in new Pure Oil stock, underwriters have been lying low. As a result new corporate financing for the first quarter of 1938 amounted to $111,000,000, a three-year low.

Accepting the diagnosis, the *Christian Science Monitor* puts forward a cure repeated frequently in the conservative press:

> What America needs rather at this juncture is a revival of capital investment in productive industries. The encouragement gained from a decision in favor of holding down government costs might be more stimulating than purchases of cement and steel. Indeed, the vital need of the moment is not pump-priming, not additional money, not a broader base for credit, not an increase in the national debt, but the restoration of confidence.

The Baltimore *Sun,* accepting as true that big inventories and high prices were among the immediate causes of the depression, asks why big inventories and high prices appeared:

> If the persistent, underlying policy of the administration over a long period had been in essence inflationary, then there were bound to be trades and industries that would yield from time to time to temptation to pile up inventories and add new levels to prices. But, allowing for this, there is not the slightest doubt that the headlong drive for overnight unionization, and the irresponsibility of the methods often employed, led straight in numerous instances to the accumulation of great inventories, as protection against future shutdowns, and led straight in numerous instances to scared grants of higher wages and to resultant higher prices. . . . What is needed are the normal processes of the market place in governing production, in governing prices and in governing labor negotiations, individual or collective.

The Cleveland Trust Company *Bulletin* of Colonel Ayres points to a more specific problem:

> Probably it is not possible to get a robust and durable recovery under way without first taking resolute steps to restore the solvency of the railroads. . . . It is still true that attempts at managed recoveries are likely to prove disappointing if their programs disregard important sections of the depression areas. . . . Our railroad crisis can be cured only by the adoption of comprehensive legislation providing for the rapid reorganization of insolvent lines, the merging of existing companies into a limited number of strong systems, the prompt abandonment of a large amount of non-essential branch mileage, and a considerable decrease in the number of employees.

The speech of Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, before the New Jersey Bankers Association, appraised the situation from many viewpoints:

> The transition from large deficit-spending to no deficit-spending was not successfully completed, due primarily to the fact that private capital did not expand sufficiently. . . . The responsibility for these developments must be widely shared by business, organized labor and government. Business capitalized on a sellers' market and in many instances advanced prices more than was justified by increasing costs. Organized labor, in many cases, sought to increase wages and decrease hours faster than efficiency, and this resulted in rising unit costs. The rapid decrease in net government expenditures was unstabilizing. . . . I hear much about cooperation. I have yet to hear of any organized group of industry or labor proposing to make a serious study as to how their policies and practises may contribute to economic balance. . . . It would also help to bring about a constructive adjustment if the added wage costs imposed on the railroads in 1937 were to be suspended. . . . The stimulus to utility construction would be more effective if the relations of government to the industry could be definitely determined. Personally, I believe that public funds should not be used in any way to subsidize public competition with private industry. . . . We are still in the position where many of the building trades unions have high hourly rates, on paper, but no jobs, and manufacturers of materials have high prices, but no orders. . . . Certain other prices and costs, particularly in the durable heavy goods field [are too high]. . . . In other industrial fields, where competition is severe, and in agriculture, efforts must be made to prevent the continuation of a further deflationary spiral. For this reason I favor putting a bottom under certain wages and prices. . . .

At the Catholic Social Action Conference in Milwaukee, a twenty-one-point program was agreed upon, and Monsignor John A. Ryan propounded a nine-point program for the attention of the convention. The twenty-one points looked to the formation of self-governing industrial and professional groups, with labor and capital on equal footing, and to the general end of distributism, security and social justice. Monsignor Ryan's nine points were:

> 1. A three-billion-dollar additional PWA program beyond the administration's pump-priming allotments and to be paid currently by higher income and inheritance taxes. 2. A maximum hours, minimum wage law looking to "the 30-hour week and at least $1,500 annual income for every wage-earner." 3. Reduction of the rate of interest paid by government agencies. 4. Prevention of monopolies and excessive prices. 5. The farm program adopted by the present Congress. 6. Establishment of a NRA for interstate industries in which, however, labor would be fully represented; extension of like economic self-government to farmers and the professions; a federation of all; and governmental power both to prevent wrongdoing and help in a right functioning. 7. Use of this new kind of NRA to regulate quantity, prices, employment, wages and hours, training, social insurance, methods of work, capitalization, interest, profits and credit. 8. A "little NRA" for intrastates industries in the states. 9. Use of this program to distribute ownership.

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The Stage and Screen

I Married an Angel

IN A DAY when musical comedies are few and far between it is not well to be too critical, and when Rodgers and Hart combine to furnish us one we are inclined to throw up our caps. These two gentlemen have in the last two seasons given us two of the most delightful musicals of recent years in "On Your Toes" and "Babes in Arms." Mr. Rodgers's music is always catchy and sometimes far more than that, as witness the music lesson in the first act of "On Your Toes" and the burlesque of the Russian Ballet near the end. At his best Mr. Rodgers is a composer of invention and of delightful humor. Mr. Hart at his best is as a writer of lyrics equally good, and at times his humor is almost that of an American Gilbert. That "I Married an Angel" is not the equal of their two former successes does not mean that it is not pleasing. Mr. Hart's lyrics are well suited to his partner's music, and two or three of the numbers, particularly "A Twinkle in Your Eye" and "I'll Tell the Man in the Street," have the true Rodgers melodic and rhythmic touch. The idea of the plot is also excellent—of a man who marries an angel. It is only that the working out of it does not equal its conception. Perhaps it is that Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hart in their book have followed too completely the original Hungarian play by John Vassary, perhaps they have followed it not enough, but the irony of the idea somehow evaporates in extraneous happenings. However, the idea is far more original than is usually the case with Broadway musicals.

Dwight Deere Wiman has given it one of his characteristically interesting productions. Dennis King sings well and acts with spirit, Vivienne Segal shows that she still knows how to put over the archness of a song, Walter Slezak is as amusing as ever, and a newcomer by the name of Vera Zorina proves herself a well-schooled dancer as well as an actress who knows how to project an idea. But perhaps most delightful of all is the singing and dancing of Audrey Christie, whose volatile personality is well matched by her ability to put over her numbers. A special word of praise should be given to the surrealist ballet in the last act. It is original, amusing and well executed. In short, "I Married an Angel" bids fair to be still going strong when the snow begins to fall. (At the Shubert Theatre.)

No Laughter in Heaven

THE YOUNG actors and actresses of the Play Room Club give for their last offering of the season an experimental play by Martha Pittinger, and again prove how much talent is included in this group. The scene of the play is a cocktail lounge of a New York hotel and through it drift a number of young men and women, who though at times unrelated to each other give a picture of life as it is lived in a great metropolis. Sometimes the dialogue is a little obvious, but the idea is interesting, and many of the performances admirable. To mention a few who are worthy of praise, there are James Todd, Spencer James, Thomas Hume, Elizabeth Morison, Adele Harrison, June Parker and Marion Edwards. Miss Edwards in particular shows an unusually interesting personality and a good deal of emotional power, but the others are in less showy parts equally good. New York may well look forward with sympathy to the future offerings of this exceedingly promising little group. (At the Play Room Club.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Outlaws—In Sherwood Forest and in the City

WARNER BROTHERS' production of "The Adventures of Robin Hood" is beautifully done in Technicolor without its looking like an overpainted postcard; and the whole film has an air of adventure and romance and justice about it that excite both young and old. Its well-chosen caste include Basil Rathbone, Claude Rains and Montague Love, on the villainous side, doing their dirty deeds with the right amount of meanness and not too much leering; and Alan Hale and Eugene Pallette as Little John and Friar Tuck, exhibiting their daring and dueling as assistants to Robin. Errol Flynn as Robin Hood has the correct figure and form, the right bravado and swashbuckling flair for shooting a mean arrow and hitting a hard stave, to be the leader of the green-clad Merry Men in Sherwood Forest. Olivia De Havilland as Maid Marian is lovely to look at and is a lady to the last blush when Robin obeys the King's command to marry her.

This newest version of the tale follows the old form of crowding in as many Robin Hood legends as possible, from the time when Prince John usurped the reign of England and Robin Hood organized his band to rob the rich and help the poor who suffered from John's excessive taxation, until Richard, the Lion-hearted, returned from the Crusades and regained his throne to right the wrongs that made such noble men as our hero an outlaw and a hunted criminal.

It's a long jump from social justice in England in the twelfth century to the lack of it in this country in the present time. But Warner Brothers again deserve credit for their sociological study of what happens to those Dead End Kids when they land in a reformatory. In "Crime School," the six young fellows, whose excellent performances were to a great extent the reason for the success of "Dead End" on both stage and screen, go from bad to worse, and finally are put in a reform school, itself in need of reform. However, when Humphrey Bogart, as Mark Braden, gets ride of the old-fashioned, abusive superintendent and makes himself head of the reformatory, things look brighter. The plot is further complicated and made a little sloppy by his falling in love with the sister of one of the boys.

The Dead End Kids continue in "Crime School" their tough, realistic acting. Humphrey Bogart plays with sincerity, but perhaps not quite with the fire of his usual gangster parts. It is good, though, to see him on the right side of the fence. The first half of this picture is exceedingly interesting; and the last half entirely unconvincing, which is too bad, for the problem of the reform school is worthy of serious study and treatment.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Books of the Day

Variety in Riches

The Philosophy of St. Bonaventure, by Etienne Gilson; translated by Dom Illtyd Trethowan and F. J. Sheed. New York: Sheed and Ward. $5.00.

THE OLD superstitions concerning the philosophy of the Middle Ages are slowly passing, but one of them dies a most lingering death. This is the naive belief that medieval thought is all of one piece, a single set of conclusions drawn by the dry light of reason from premises imposed by the Church and Aristotle. With regard to the great problems of philosophy, the truth of the matter is that the thought of the Middle Ages displays a greater richness and variety of opinion and approach than does modern thought. Truth is one, and therefore agreement will be found among medieval thinkers. The ways of attaining truth are many, just as are the ways of arriving at sainthood. Rightly, therefore, do we find great differences in their search for truth as well as for holiness in such men as Aquinas, Scotus and Bonaventure.

A better testimony to this richness and variety of medieval thought than Professor Gilson's authoritative work on Saint Bonaventure and his philosophy would be difficult to find. After a splendid introductory chapter upon "the man and the period," successive chapters discuss the entire vast range of Saint Bonaventure's thought. To list the titles of some of these chapters is sufficient to indicate the nature and value of the study: the critique of natural philosophy; the evidence of God's existence; the ideas and divine knowledge; the power and will of God; universal analogy; the human soul; the illumination of the intellect; moral illumination; nature, grace and beatitude. These and other subjects in the Bonaventuran system are discussed with the critical power, wealth of learning and clarity of exposition that are Gilson's.

As is stated in the concluding passages of this work, "Saint Bonaventure's doctrine marks for us the culminating point of Christian mysticism and constitutes the completest synthesis it has ever achieved." Again: "The philosophy of Saint Thomas and the philosophy of Saint Bonaventure are complementary, as the two most comprehensive interpretations of the universe as seen by Christians, and it is because they are complementary that they never either conflict or coincide." Here are found reasons why Saint Bonaventure's philosophy and Professor Gilson's exposition of it should be known and used in our own day.

Contemporary and medieval philosophy have both been done a service by the translators of "The Philosophy of St. Bonaventure." They have done a difficult task well. The present reviewer regrets only that they decided to omit many of the elaborate and valuable footnotes found in the French original. JOHN K. RYAN.

CRITICISM

New Directions in Prose and Poetry: 1937. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions.

THIS is the second annual volume of this collection of "experimental and creative writing." Here is the work of experimenters of the last decade, the product of creative effort in an era when the tradition was junked and the advance guard spread itself in all directions. Most of the experiments of that period have been abandoned as failures; those few that are still being carried on seem obviously doomed to failure. Writing has turned to new channels, and most of the work in this volume is as irrelevant today as the construction methods of the master masons of the Middle Ages. A bare mention of the chief contributors reveals how old these "new directions" really are: Jean Cocteau, Gertrude Stein, e.e. cummings.

There is little in this volume of more than historical interest, except for the first-rate prose and poetry of a newcomer named Delmore Schwartz and the poems of Harry Brown and Robert Fitzgerald. Some short stories by Kay Boyle and Saroyan are entertaining, though far from the quality of their best work. For the rest, then, here is a monument to the futile and unsuccessful experiments of the twenties. This year the editor, Mr. James Laughlin IV, has replaced his last season's enthusiasm for Social Credit by an interest in semantics. This, too, is hardly a new direction, since even Stuart Chase has got aboard the bandwagon put into motion years ago by C. K. Ogden, I. A. Richards, and Alfred Korzybski.

MASON WADE.

Chesterton, Belloc, Baring, by Raymond Las Vergnas; translated by C. C. Martindale, S.J. New York: Sheed and Ward. $1.75.

A CURIOUS bit of nationalistic criticism this, for it applauds G. K. for his stalwart anti-Prussianism and speaks of him throughout in tones of reverence. Belloc is presented as a human being at least, although it seems strange to single out his disdain for the modern historical method as one of his leading virtues. For all the interest in store for Chesterbelloc devotees in the first two essays, the attractive little volume will be more useful for American readers in introducing them to the person of Maurice Baring, a cultivated linguist whose novels should be far better known here. E. S.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Dom Pedro the Magnanimous: Second Emperor of Brazil, by Mary Wilhelmine Williams. Chapel Hill, N. C.: University of North Carolina Press. $3.50.

THE WRITING of this really excellent biographical study of the second and last Emperor of Brazil was greatly facilitated by the use of much unpublished material to be found in the library and archives of the Bragança family at the Chateau d'Eu in France. Both the casual reader and the trained historian may be grateful to Dr. Williams for the result of this research: a readable, not too heavy, sympathetic and generally acceptable biography of one of the most benign and captivating figures that Hispanic America has produced.

Much was already known of Dom Pedro II. His versatility, ever increasing vigor, boundless curiosity and imperial republicanism were traits that even the reader unfamiliar with the history of Brazil often knows. The present biography clings fairly closely to the life of the Emperor, although enough of the Brazilian scene is brought in to make the background comprehensible. It is quite true that in reading of the exploits, interests and achievements of Dom Pedro, one cannot but be impressed by the uniqueness of his mind and the amazing cosmopolitan character of his thought and habits in spite of his intense devotion to Brazil. Dom Pedro was at the best something of a dilettante. Dr. Williams makes this clear time and time again in describing his intellectual tastes and inclinations. He was interested in everything

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and apparently knew something about everything. He wrote passable verse, went in for criticism, dealt with philological questions and presided punctually and faithfully over the destinies of the famous Brazilian Historical and Geographical Institute. He was a scholar but not too scholarly. He was perhaps more exactly a man of excellent mind with a flair for the erudite and for the humanities. At any rate, he was a credit to Brazil and one of the most civilized rulers Hispanic America has ever had.

Dr. Williams is fond of her subject. The documentation is extremely well handled, particularly on those points on which controversy rages: the foreign policy of the empire, with reference to the Paraguayan war; the Church and State issue, which caused such intense feeling between the civil and ecclesiastical administration; and the slavery question, the solution of which was to prove such a momentous incident in Brazilian social history.

Dom Pedro comes through the analysis to which he is submitted in these pages, a warmly human character, devoid of rancors and bitterness and a gentleman in every moment of his life, down to the mortifying and unexpected exile from his native land. The book is excellently presented by the University of North Carolina Press.

RICHARD PATTEE.

PHILOSOPHY

The Degrees of Knowledge, by Jacques Maritain; translated from the second revised and augmented French edition by Bernard Wall and Margot R. Adamson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.00.

A TRANSLATION of Jacques Maritain's great and frequently reviewed work, "Les Degrés du Savoir," is here offered to the English-speaking world. To have undertaken such a task required courage. For not only is Maritain's thought penetrating, but it soars, as readers of the French work will know, beyond the bounds of philosophy into the realm of supra-rational knowledge. Besides this, Maritain's style is not always the simple and uncomplicated structure which the world has come to associate with the genius of contemporary French writing.

Conscious as this reviewer is of the difficulties, he cannot but deplore the generally misleading character of the translation. The translators have in the main been concerned with words rather than with philosophical meaning and frequently even the English which results is dubious both in structure and in content. It is the unpleasant duty of this reviewer to record samples of the faults he finds in the translation, with the hope that, if a new edition of this English version becomes necessary, something will be done to present M. Maritain's thought with the attractiveness which its importance deserves.

On page 248 we have the following: "According to the terminology which I have thought it convenient to adopt, the cisobjective subject attains, in order to intentionally become them, things in themselves, or transobjective subjects posited in extra-mental existence, in constituting them as objects, or positing them—by means of the concept or proferred presentative form—in existence as known, *in esse objectivo seu cognito.*"

Besides English as hard as this to follow, there are places where Maritain's sense is distorted. The translators in a very frank note warn the reader of the difficulty of turning into English certain terms which Maritain captures easily in French from the Latin. But why it was necessary to render *ens rationis* as "rational being," is something very hard to understand. Maritain says: "Les

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mathématiques au contraire portent sur un objet qui n'est pas, nécessairement, réel, mais qui peut être aussi bien (*permissive,* disaient les anciens) un être imaginaire ou fictif, un être de raison qu'un être réel" (page 80, Nouvelle Edition, 1935). In English this sentence becomes: "Mathematics on the contrary deals with an object which is not necessarily real, but which can just as well be (*permissive* is the phrase of the ancients) fictive or imaginary, a rational as a real being" (pages 49-50).

But a more glaring example of the havoc played with Maritain's philosophical meaning is found on page 163: "Let it be noted that if there are rational beings (like the square circle, the greatest whole number, the chimera, the best of all possible worlds) which cannot exist because they are intrinsically contradictory—they are the thieves and forgers among rational beings—there are, on the other hand, numerous others, honest rational beings, which cannot exist, not because they are composed of impossible characteristics, but because their place in existence is incompatible with one of their objective features." To instance a chimera or a square circle as a rational being, is something no philosopher can stomach. And a glance at the French text (page 261) will show that it is not M. Maritain's intention that any philosopher should do so.

Again M. Maritain says: ". . . Au point de vue de la connaissance spéculative comme au point de vue de l'éthique, il faut dire avec Aristote que la nature humaine, par ce qu'il y a de principal en elle, à savoir par le νους, demande à passer à ce qui est au-dessus de l'homme" (page 492, ibid.). But the translators make him say something indefensible by translating the word *principal* as "essential": "From the point of view of speculative knowledge, as from that of ethics, we must agree with Aristotle in saying that human nature, exactly by what is essential in it, that is to say the νους, demands of us an ascension above the human" (page 307). Again by a slighting of the sense of the phrase "science de Dieu selon qu'il est" (page 469), we get this curious sentence in English: "And thus by the very fact that in itself the Godhead remains unknown, there is a greater knowledge than ever of God even as He is, *tanquam ignotus cognoscitur*" (pages 291-292).

Perhaps it is necessary for the reviewer to catalogue more of the faults, major or minor, which he finds in this book. He has a list before him of over forty of such deficiencies and feels that the book would easily yield that many more. Even where the translation is not misleading, frequently no attempt whatsoever has been made to reproduce Maritain in anything like attractive English. The difficulty is that readers who are strangers to the French edition, which admittedly is not easy reading, will find no incentive in the version to go to the original for contact with one of the richest thinkers of our time. The translators have seen fit to omit the nine Appendices which are found in the original. There are summaries of them made by the translators and this is all the English reader gets of almost 150 pages of very valuable philosophical discussion and reference by M. Maritain. It is true as the translators say that these notes are highly technical in character. But M. Maritain's great work can scarcely be expected to appeal to the general public. Its subject-matter would almost see to that, even if its translators had not. And professional philosophers cannot but feel that the book is incomplete without these illuminating "Annexes," which M. Maritain saw fit to include.

GEORGE BULL.

St. John of the Cross, by Bede Frost, O.S.B. New York: Harper and Brothers. $4.00.

IT IS a commentary on our age that Father Frost, in presenting an account of the essential features of the mysticism of Saint John of the Cross, should find it necessary to spend so much time in explaining the meaning of Christian doctrine in order to make Saint John intelligible. Such a method of presentation has its disadvantages, as Father Frost undoubtedly knows. In the anxiety to present traditional Christian philosophical and theological ideas, to criticize the loose thinking of our own age, as well as to make Saint John of the Cross a champion of the one and an apostle to the other, the outlines of the doctrines of the great Carmelite saint become a little blurred.

But Father Frost writes very persuasively and energetically of the sanity of Saint Teresa's little Seneca, and his analysis speaks of abundant acquaintance with Saint John and considerable meditation on his ideas. And because the author's intention is meditative, rather than one of research, it would be unfair to demand in this book more precise bibliographical information or a more precise historical background in medieval mysticism for Saint John. One could discuss one or two interpretations of Saint Thomas that the author makes, e.g., the nature of the relations between soul and body, or the function of the active intellect. These are, however, minor points in an essentially interesting and instructive book.

ANTON C. PEGIS.

RELIGION

Anglicanism in Transition, by Humphrey J. T. Johnson. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.25.
The Mission and Message of Jesus: An Exposition of the Gospels in the Light of Modern Research, by H. D. A. Major, T. W. Mason and C. J. Wright. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.
Freedom, Love and Truth: An Anthology of the Christian Life, by the Very Rev. William Ralph Inge, K.C.V.O. Boston: Hale, Cushman and Flint. $1.50.

FATHER JOHNSON is well equipped for the task he has set himself in "Anglicanism in Transition." He is, as he says, "one who has seen the Church of England both from within and from without." He was brought up in it, and had come into contact with its various phases before he became a Catholic. He is now a priest of the Oratory at Birmingham. Since his conversion, he has kept abreast of what has gone on in the Established Church, and he writes both learnedly and sympathetically, never hesitating to give praise wherever it is due.

The first chapter, "The Historical Development of the Anglican System," deals with one of the thorniest subjects in history. Father Johnson treats it with unusual fairness and clarity. He does not make the mistake—so often made on both sides—of oversimplifying either the causes or the effects of the English Reformation, but weaves his way skilfully and accurately through its labryinths, from Henry VIII to the beginning of the present century.

The rest of the book is taken up with the question of modernism in the Church of England, and the relations between Anglicanism on the one hand and the Eastern Churches, Rome and Dissent on the other. He does not see much likelihood of a union with any of them. His treatment of each is clear and kindly, though he never "pulls his punches" where they are needed.

The final chapter, "The Church of England in its

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Relation to the Nation and to the State," summarizes his conclusions as to Anglicanism's future. It is his conviction that "the victory of those who desire that she shall remain above all else a national Church, over those who care not whether she lose this character provided she remain attached to certain fixed standards of belief, seems assured." It's a pity this is true, but it seems to be so.

An Appendix gives the *Tablet's* review of the recent report on "Doctrine in the Church of England." Anyone, Anglican, Catholic, or other, who wants a well-done treatment of the Church of England as it is today and an account of how it "got that way" will find this work useful.

"THE MISSION AND MESSAGE OF JESUS" is well done, if by that one means that it represents painstaking labor on the part of its authors, and is, physically, a fine example of the bookmaker's art. It is arranged in three "Books," each author being solely responsible for one of them. Dr. Major, who writes the first "Book," also contributes the Introduction. It is "modern" in the sense that it rejects all "traditional" views. Miracles must be explained away, the Apostle John did not write the Fourth Gospel, those who "opine that the corpse of Jesus was cast into the grave of the common people" and was never entombed at all by Joseph of Arimathaea "seem . . . to be on firmer ground," etc.

This will indicate how little use Catholics can make of this work, unless they consult it merely to ascertain the present state of the "modern" point of view in textual criticism. Well-grounded biblical scholars may find some of its "critical apparatus" useful, but to the layman it will be of no value. It seems too bad that so much real reverence as the authors have for Christ could not have been used to foster faith rather than undermine it.

THE VALUE of any anthology depends on the usefulness to the reader of the selections made by the compiler. Given a subject so large as the Christian life, this must vary greatly. Dean Inge's purpose in "Freedom, Love and Truth" is to set before his readers extracts from the great thinkers and writers of all times, which he believes will help one, first, to know what the Christian life is, and then, how to make the most progress in living it. His own philosophy of that life is set forth in a 38-page Introduction.

The anthology itself is arranged under eight heads: "Religion," "God," "Jesus Christ," "The Fruits of the Spirit," "The Inner Life," "Life's Pilgrimage," "The Journey's End," and "Holy Seasons, Worship and Sacraments." From his wide and scholarly reading Dean Inge has gathered excerpts which appeal to him. His taste is catholic enough to include medieval saints and mystics, liturgies ancient and modern, present-day thinkers and even a few agnostics who have borne witness to the vitality of the religion of Christ.

Dean Inge has often been called "the gloomy Dean," but there is no gloom here. Here is, rather, an old man's calm serenity as he brings forth his treasures to show a new generation. Such a book is not intended to sustain a thesis, but to furnish food for meditation. It will do that if one browses through it. The last extract, a prayer from the ancient Liturgy of Saint James, ends the book on this high note: "Vouchsafe me by Thy grace to partake of Thy holy body and precious blood, without condemnation, unto remission of sins and eternal life. Amen."

FLOYD KEELER.

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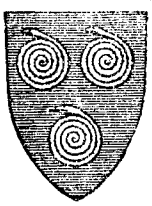
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SCIENCE

Fearfully and Wonderfully Made, by Renée von Eulenburg-Wiener. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THIS book gives a lucid account of the human body in the light of modern science. In plan the book is simple, presenting the anatomy and physiology of the organs, the nature of their functions, and the workings of the organism as a whole. It is done with sure skill, and this is all the more remarkable because of the abundance and complexity of the facts which fill out the outline. But the main achievement of the author is the significant picture of the integrated organism, which she synthesizes by help from "the New Physics."

The most informing feature of the treatment, from a non-medical reader's standpoint, is probably its emphasis upon the "energetics" of the body. Chapters are devoted to explaining the derivation and utilization by the organism of "energy," in a sense akin to the physicist's idea. The explanation, which is clear and persuasive, indicates that recent advances in physics are beginning to shape the thinking of the biological scientist.

What are the implications of such a change in thinking? Well, biologists had been thinking like conservative materialists; now they have begun reconsidering the assumptions upon which their ideas as to the workings of the human organism were based. Although "Energy Physics" may (as its critics assert) lead the scientist back to the dark chamber where "Matter Physics" kept him, its effect thus far has been to break down the dogmatic attitude which, in such fields as that of the biological scientists, has hitherto prevented the making of a synthesis so revealing as Dr. von Eulenburg-Wiener's.

One of her summary conclusions is very significant in this connection. "It seems improbable," she says, "that man will ever succeed in the formation of laws and mathematical equations which would express with scientific precision the two outstanding characteristics of the living organism: organization and memory." Within the bounds which she recognizes as proper for scientific analysis, she has finely succeeded in stating the phenomena of life on the basis of energy concepts of modern physics. And in accomplishing this aim, she has also succeeded in conveying, as she had hoped, "the age-old feeling of awe and wonder of which one of the greatest physicists of the present day spoke and over two thousand years ago the psalmist sang."

ANDREW CORRY.

The Fight to Live, by Raymond L. Ditmars. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

DR. DITMARS'S latest collection of short descriptions of animals is built on a vague theme of evolution. A theory of gradual adaptation and development is assumed, right through the missing link to man and ape. Certain passages, however, show how hard it is to classify animals as "higher" or "smarter" than others, and definitely admit difficulties in the theory. And in general, the descriptions become autonomous of their philosophic background and in themselves thoroughly fascinating and entertaining. No one presents the amazing oddity of nature more felicitously than Dr. Ditmars. His tales of fish, amphibian, reptile, mammal and bird are all colorful, and they are interesting both to young people and to older readers who are not already naturalists.

P. B.

The Inner Forum

THE UNION OF PRAYER FOR PEACE will offer up a Mass for Peace in several American dioceses, May 29. Although this is the first observance of the kind over here and only a modest beginning, the movement has already made great strides in the British Isles; the Mass for Peace will be offered up in every diocese in England and Wales on that day. The Union was founded in England by Father Gerald Vann, O.P., less than two years ago, and it has attracted many actual workers for peace. As was intended at the outset it has spread to various parts of the world, to Belgium, France, Ireland, Norway, the United States, Canada, Australia and Tasmania. In England on the 27th of each month Mass is offered for justice, charity and peace—"for the peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ"—and at this Mass a register containing the names of all the members is placed upon the altar to signify their participation together in the Holy Sacrifice. The Union intends eventually to have a center in every country.

The individual member of the union undertakes to pray for peace every day; the prayers are of his own choosing. No additional prayers need be said, but part of the Divine Office, of the rosary or appropriate prayers already said may be offered for this intention. The other requirement is to send in the member's name to the secretary, Father Edward Hughes, O.P., 141 East 65th Street, New York City.

As John Eppstein wrote of the international war veterans' pilgrimage to Lourdes in 1934: "History records nothing comparable to the magnitude of this pacific crusade of prayer. If it can be maintained and extended, then it is not fantastic to foresee the time when Catholic citizens everywhere will come to regard prayer for true peace among nations as a spiritual obligation comparable to their attendance at Sunday Mass and as an activity which gives new significance to their Communions whereby they are united through Christ to their fellow Catholics in every nation."

The *Catholic Worker,* the Pittsburgh Catholic Radical Alliance and the Pax group of Catholic conscientious objectors are among those in this country cooperating with the union in offering the Mass for Peace, May 29.

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